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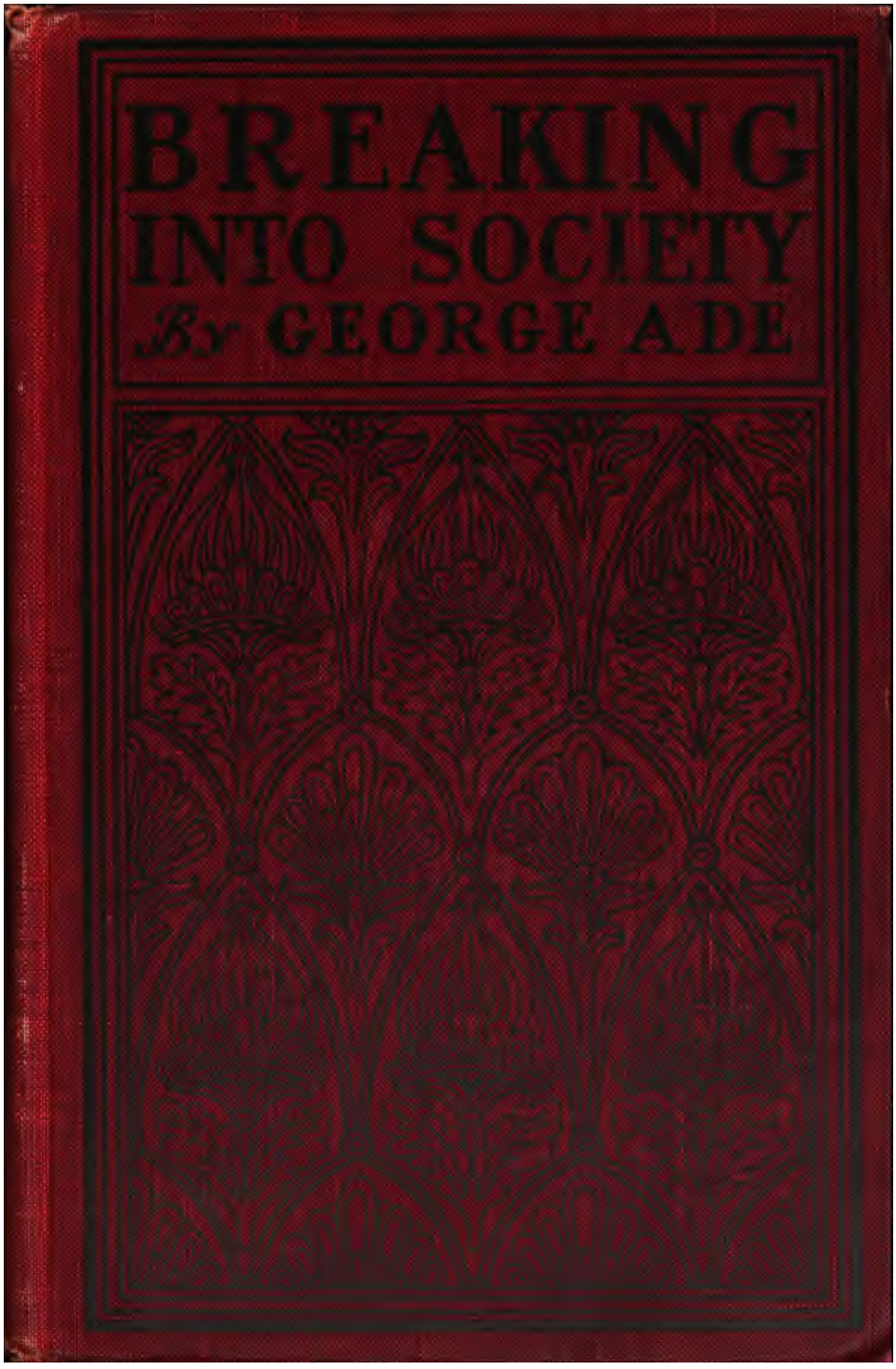
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BREAKING INTO SOCIETY

By GEORGE ADE



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BREAKING INTO SOCIETY

BY

GEORGE ADE

AUTHOR OF "PEOPLE YOU KNOW"
"THE SULTAN OF SULU" ETC.



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The Sorrows of the Unemployed and the Danger of Changing from Bill to Harold.

IN a certain Western Town that started out with the Expectation of hurting Chicago, there was an Early Settler who tried to build a Fence around the Corporation. He cabbaged all the Corner Lots and nailed the Main Street Frontage and then held on like a Summer Cold.

He was a grisly old Badger who wore one Suit the Year round, with a Pair of box-toed Boots, a woollen Hat, and a Moss-Agate Collar-Button. While he was doing Business at 2 per cent. a Month, and holding out on the Assessor and bilking the Grangers for Railway franchises, he was regarded as a Wolf.

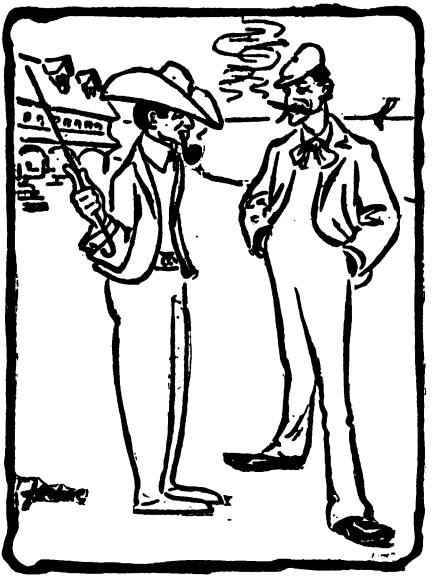
After he changed his address to Over There, the Heirs erected something that looked like the Bunker Hill Monument, and then they had him done in Oil by a Celebrated Artist. The Artist fixed his Hair for Him and gave him a neat Stand-Up Collar such as no one could have put on to the Old Man with

a Block and Tackle. They named a School after him, and every one in Town who was related to him could butt into Sussiety without a Ticket.

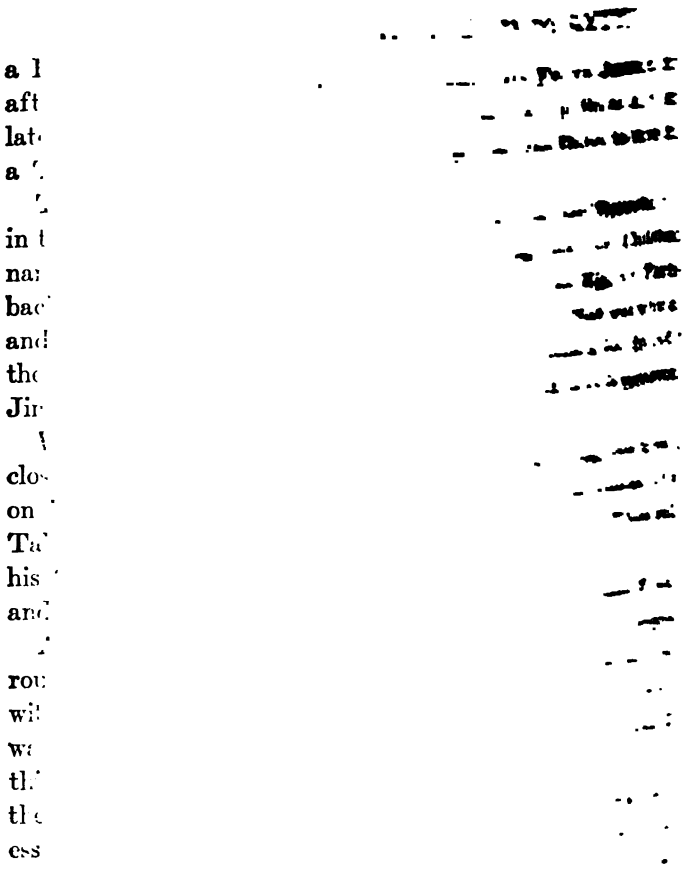
The Large End of all the Scads mentioned in the last Will and Testament went to a Son named William H. Jimpson. On the way back from the Cemetery he took out a Pencil and figured to see what he was worth, and then he changed his Name to W. Harold Jimpson.

W. Harold had been compelled to fly fairly close to the Ground while the Governor was on Deck, but when there was no one to keep Tab on him he began to find $100 Bills in his Clothes when he was looking for a Card, and it seemed to Vex him a good deal.

A few Years before W. Harold became surrounded by Currency he had taken a Wife, without very much of a Struggle. Leonora was of a very Nice Family, that owed something on the House and kept a Girl part of the Time. After she began to have a Governess for Stuyvesant Jimpson and an Import-



Sussiety.





Polo Was a Bore.

ed Nurse for the little Evelyn Jimpson her Memory seemed to blur in Spots and she couldn't have done up the Dishes to save her life.

When she was out in her Brougham it kept her busy not seeing her Childhood Friends who used to go to Kissing Parties and Taffy Pulls with her. That was why she wanted to Travel. She fairly ached to get to Paris, where True Social Worth is recognized right on the Jump.

Her Husband, also, was getting sore on his Birthplace. His Acquaintances would not stand for the W. Harold Gag. They called him "Bill."

Then, on top of it all, the two Cases of Offspring needed the French Language. Leonora was already feeding their Legs to the Mosquitoes because some one had told her that the real Delicatessen always left the Kids partly uncovered, à la Parisienne.

W. Harold closed out all his interests, and when he got through he had his Bank-Roll in one neat Stack of Bonds. All he had to do



Polo Was a Bore.

for the remainder of his Natural was to clip the Coupons every Six Months. Between times he could enjoy himself. It looked Soft.

W. Harold and Bunch, including a Retinue of Private Secretaries, Hair-Dressers, and Maids, as well as a Keeper, sometimes known as a Valet, set out for Yurrup. As Harold sized up the Caravansary he swelled with Satisfaction and said, "Little would any one Suspect that we have been out of the Hazel Brush less than 3 Months."

Now that he was beyond the Range of the unlettered Rube, he began to do a little Landscape Gardening on the Frontispiece, laying out a very neat Set of Depews. He wore Gloves even at Night, and worked for Hours trying to get a side-hold on the Piccadilly Accent.

The joyful Jimpsons cut a 14-foot Gash right through the centre of the Continent. They saw everything mentioned in the Red Book, and finally struck Paris, with a loud, metallic Sound. There they settled down to remain forever, in the Shade of the shelter-



She Gave Dog Parties.

ing Absinthe Frappé, with the Grisettes singing in the Trees.

But W. Harold had inherited a few restless Microbes from the parental Hustler. After he had seen all the Pictures from every Angle and had worn out two or three Chairs sitting around Cafés, he began to long for the Nasal Twang and something to do. The whole Kit and Tribe moved back to the States.

He learned that the Proper Caper for one who is out of Work and all clogged up with Funds is to build a Cottage overlooking the Sea and work up Features for the Sunday Papers. Accordingly he threw up a Shack with Onyx Foundations and Florida Water piped into every Room. It faced four different Ways. The Excursionists rode in from as far away as Swanzey to look at it and wait for the Real Things to come out and pile into the Blue Assassin and go out hunting Baby Carriages.

After the keen Pleasure of being pointed out had somewhat dulled and the Homicide

Wagon had palled on them and Polo was a Bore and Ping-Pong a Misdemeanor and Golf a Crime, poor Harold and Leonora found themselves up against it, strong and plenty.

She gave a few Dog Parties and one for a Prince, but even these Gayeties petered out after a while. Sometimes Leonora was afraid that in order to kill Time she would either have to mingle with her Children or else take to Reading, but she hated to cause Talk.

She and W. Harold found themselves in the great Army of the Unemployed. And yet all the Factories were running double Shifts and Harvest Hands getting $3 a day.

At last they became so Desperate and Lonely that they fell in love with each other out of yearning Sympathy, and this gave rise to so much Scandal that they had to go back to the Other Side to live it down.

MORAL: Beware of Government Bonds.

Sorrowful Bill and the Sour Grapes and Sympathetic Sep.

ONCE there was a long-headed Schemer who picked up his Assets and moved East. By breaking into every Good Thing that came along and nailing each Opportunity to get a stand-in with the Gentlemen who own the Universe, he was enabled to stack up something like a Million.

It looked big to his Relations who lived out West, but in New York he was a cheap Piker. His Steam Yacht had only one Funnel and there were only seven Bath-Rooms in his House. In fact, he was a good deal of a Skate any way you looked at him.

The Second-Rater had a Cousin named Sep, who lived in one of our Middle States. In his own Bailiwick this Sep was a very gallus Proposition. He owned a General Store and a Stock Farm and had Rubber Tires on his Buggy and wore Gloves when driving.

After the Corn had been laid by and the Oats thrashed, Sep had a little time for Romancing around over the Country. He



A Slick Man.

bought a paper-muslin Duster, had a Lunch put up, and bought an Excursion Ticket to Morgansville.

The struggling Millionaire said he was glad to see Sep. He did not shout it through a Megaphone or hang out any Bulletins. He simply said that he was glad to see Sep, and he should have been, for Seppy had slept two nights in the Day Coach and had just bought a sack of Bananas.

"Bill, it seems to me that you look kind of peaked," said Sep, as he sank into a Leather Chair and tackled Banana No. 8.

"Ah, yes, I have been under a great Strain," replied the unhappy Soul. "You see, just when we got that South-African Business all straightened out and were ready for the Coronation, then came the Operation, and it upset us dreadfully."

"What are you talking about?" asked Sep.

"The Anglo-Saxon Alliance," replied Cousin Bill. "We are now One People. They don't know it, but we are."

"The Alliance cuts very few Lemons out



Sep.

around Peavey's Junction," replied Sep. "Our Idee of the Alliance is to stay Friendly with them as long as they buy our Beef Cattle and Grain."

"Not at all," said Bill. "Our present Policy is to skin them until they are overcome with Admiration and invite us to Dinner. You may not know it, Sep, but New York is the Home of the expensive Meal-Ticket. For instance. Why have I whip-sawed the Market all these years and boned like a Turk and worn my nerves to a blithering Frazzle in this unending Wrassle for the Almighty? Is it because I wish to endow a Presbyterian College or establish Ping-Pong Parlors for plain Working Girls? Not on your Breakfast Food! Right across the Street from us there resides a large Lady who has original Knickerbocker Corpuscles moving up and down in her System. She has Blue Blood, and lots of it. We are slathering our Currency and giving her the Office every day or two in the Hope that some Day she will ask us to come over and eat on her. When that

gladsome Moment arrives, it's a 50 to 1 Shot that we'll all die of Joy."

"What seems to be your Handicap?" asked Sep. "You were invited to all the Parties when you lived at Peavey's Junction."

"Any one who comes in from the Cockle-Burr District with a Bundle is known as a Newvo Reash," replied Bill. "I don't know what it means, never having studied the Dead Languages, but it's about the same as a Slob. In other words, if you make your own Money you're an Awful Thing, but if any one slips it to you and you've never done anything with it except count it and sprinkle a little Florida Water on it, then you're a Nice Young Fellow. Now you see what I'm up against. I'm guilty of Work, and every one is on to me. The best I can hope for is that some of my Grandchildren will Doctor up my Record and finally draw the Meal-Ticket."

"What do you care?" asked Sep. "I wouldn't wear out a whole kit of Tools trying to break into a Refrigerator."

"Ah, Septimus, you do not understand,"

said the disconsolate Cousin. "It is the Boy who starts in Life on a Hay-Rack and opens his first Cold Bottle at the age of 35, who wants to take his whole Tribe into the Camp of the Élite and swap Visiting-Cards with the Vans. Social Recognition has a high Rating because there are only a few Shares on the Market, and not because it pays Dividends."

"It seems to me that a Slick Man who can beat almost any kind of a Money Game ought to learn in time how to handle a Combine that's in the hands of a few Elderly Ladies," said Sep.

"I'm afraid that a Man with a tall-grass Training will make Breaks all his Life," replied Bill. "He's always doing what he wants to do, instead of playing Follow your Leader. I started to play Golf this year, not knowing that it was a Dead Card with the 400. As for riding a Wheel, they take a Shot at any one who does that. The Panama Hat is scratched because it is worn by the Common Sort who have to engage in Thought during



She Has Blue Blood.

the Heated Season. Rule No. 1 of the Smart Set is to chop any Diversion that has caught on with the Working Classes. As soon as $3 will pay for a Motor Car and One Year's Subscription, all the real Blue Fish will give their Machines to the Servants and fall to the Air-Ship. Any one with an old-fashioned Hankering for Baseball and Family Rigs and Drug-Store Sody Water and all such Prairie Luxuries has about one Chance in a Million. Even if my Plebe Tastes didn't queer me, I suppose I would be disqualified under the Pedigree Clause. I have been trying to classify our Ancestral Tree, and I find that it is a Shell-Bark Hickory that has been struck by Lightning several times. It appears that one morning about 200 years ago a Ship was ready to set Sail for the New World. A large number of Foreigners who figured that they couldn't be any worse off, even among the Indians, had booked Passage. One of our Ancestors had made arrangements to sail on that Boat. The Night before the Departure he dropped into the Tavern to say

Good-Bye. He became all diked up and overslept himself. When he arrived at the Dock he saw the Ship, loaded down with First Families, pulling out of the Harbor. That one Jag is what put our whole Family to the Bad. I figure that if he had not missed that Boat, I would be sitting under an Awning at Newport at this very Minute, with some one fanning me. The grand Mistake our Folks made was to come in with the Bunch. Any one living anywhere on the Other Side at present is strictly in it, and those who came over in time to qualify for the Colonial Societies are now regarded as *It* by their distant Relations, but those who have come in during the last Century are simply unplaced."

"I can't see it in that Light at all," said Sep. "I have been reading Ridpath's History of the United States, and it says we are all Free and Equal."

"I don't believe it circulates in Our Set," said Bill. "It might, if some one in London would get out a De Luxe Edition."

"Bill," said Sep, "I think you've got the

whole Works down pat. It's too bad that you can't guess the Combination."

MORAL: The Betwixt and Between Families know what genuine Grief is.

What the College Incubator Did for One Modest Lambkin.

ONE Autumn Afternoon a gray-haired Agriculturist took his youngest Olive Branch by the Hand and led him away to a Varsity. Wilbur was 18 and an Onion. He had outgrown his last year's Tunic, and his Smalls were hardly on speaking terms with his Uppers. He had large, warty Hands, which floated idly at his sides, and his Wrists resembled extra Sets of Knuckles. When he walked, his Legs gave way at the Hinge and he Interfered. On his Head was a little Wideawake with a Buckle at the Side. Mother had bobbed his Hair and rubbed in a little Goose-Grease to make it shine. The Collar that he wore was size 13, and called the Rollo Shape. It rose to a Height of a half-inch above his Neck-Band. For a Cravat he had a Piece of watered Silk Ribbon with Butterflies on it.

Wilbur had his Money tied up in a Handkerchief, and he carried a Paper Telescope loaded down with one Complete Change and

a Catalogue of the Institution showing that the Necessary Expenses were not more than $3.40 per Week.

As the Train pulled away from Pewee Junction Wilbur began to Leak. The Salt Tears trickled down through the Archipelago of Freckles. He wanted to Crawfish, but Paw bought him a Box of Crackerjack and told him that if he got an Education and improved his Opportunities some day he might be County Superintendent of Schools and get his $900 a Year just like finding it. So Wilbur spunked up and said he would try to stick it out. He got out the Catalogue and read all of the copper-riveted Rules for the Moral Guidance of Students.

The Curriculum had him scared. He saw that in the next four Years he would have to soak up practically all the Knowledge on the Market. But he was cheered to think that if he persevered and got through he would be entitled to wear an Alpaca Coat and a Lawn Tie and teach in the High-School, so he took Courage and began to notice the Scenery.



Carried a Paper Telescope.

Wilbur was planted in a Boarding-House guaranteed to provide Wholesome Food and a Home Influence. Father went back after making a final Discourse on the importance of learning most everything in all of the Books.

Nine Months later they were down at the Depot to meet Wilbur. He had written several times, saying that he could not find time to come Home, as he was in pursuit of Knowledge every Minute of the Day, and if he left the Track, Knowledge might gain several Laps on him. It looked reasonable, too, for the future Superintendent of Schools had spent $400 for Books, $200 for Scientific Apparatus, and something like $60 for Chemicals to be used in the Laboratory.

When the Train suddenly checked itself, to avoid running past the Town, there came out of the Parlor Car something that looked like Fitz, on account of the Padding in the Shoulders. Just above one Ear he wore a dinky Cap about the size of a Postage Stamp. The Coat reached almost to the Hips and was but-



Looked Like Fitz.

toned below. The Trousers had enough material for a suit. They were reefed to show feverish Socks of a zigzag Pattern. The Shoes were very Bull-Doggy, and each had a wide Terrace running around it. Father held on to a Truck for Support. Never before had he seen a genuine Case of the inflammatory Rah-Rahs.

Wilbur was smoking a dizzy little Pipe from which the Smoke curled upward, losing itself in a copious Forelock that moved gently in the Breeze. Instead of a Collar, Wilbur was wearing a Turkish Towel. He had the Harvard Walk down pat. With both Hands in his Pockets, the one who had been pursuing Knowledge teetered towards the Author of his Being and said, "How are you, Governor?"

Father was always a Lightning Calculator, and as he stood there trying to grasp and comprehend and mentally close in, as it were, on the Burlap Suit and the Coon Shirt and the sassy Pipe, something told him that Wilbur would have to Switch if he expected to be County Superintendent of Schools.



A Mutt.

"Here are my Checks," said Wilbur, handing over the Brasses. "Have my Trunks, my Golf Clubs, my portable Punching-Bag, the Suit-Case and Hat-Boxes sent up to the House right away. Then drive me Home by the Outside Road, because I don't want to meet all these Yaps. They annoy me."

"You'd better git out of that Rig mighty quick if you don't want to be Joshed," said his Parent. "Folks around here won't stand for any such fool Regalia, and if you walk like a frozen-toed Hen you'll get some Hot Shots or I miss my Calkilations."

"Say, Popsy, I've been eating Raw Meat and drinking Blood at the Training-Table, and I'm on Edge," said Wilbur, expanding his Chest until it bulged out like a Thornton Squash. "If any of these local Georgie Glues try to shoot their Pink Conversation at me I'll toss them up into the Trees and let them hang there. I'm the Gazabe that Puts the Shot. Any one who can trim a Policeman and chuck a Hackman right back into his own Hack and drive off with him doesn't

ask for any sweeter Tapioca than one of these Gaffer Greens. The Ploughboy who is muscle-bound and full of Pastry will have a Proud Chance any time that he struts across my Pathway. In my Trunks I have eight suits a little warmer than this one and 47 pairs of passionate Hose. I'm out here to give the Cornfields a Touch of High Life. It's about time that your Chaws had a Glimpse of the Great Outside World. Any one who gets Fussy about the Color-Combinations that I spring from Day to Day will be chopped up and served for Lunch. To begin with, I'm going to teach you and Mother to play Golf. If these Mutts come and lean over the Fence and start to get off their Colored-Weekly Jokes we'll fan the Hill-side with them."

"What do they teach up at your School —besides Murder?" inquired Father. "I thought you wanted to be County Superintendent of Schools."

"I've outgrown all those two-by-four Ambitions," was the Reply. "I'm going to

be on the Eleven next Fall. What more could you ask?"

That very week Wilbur organized a Ball Team that walloped Hickory Crick, Sand Ridge, and Sozzinsville. He had the whole Township with him. Every Cub at Pewee Junction began to wear a Turkish Towel for a Collar and practise the Harvard Walk.

MORAL: A Boy never blossoms into his full Possibilities until he strikes an Atmosphere of Culture.

The Subordinate Who Saw a Great Light.

ONCE there was an Employé who was getting the Nub End of the Deal. He kicked on the long Hours and the small Salary, and helped to organize a Clerks' Protective Association. He was for the Toiler as against the Main Squeeze.

In order to keep him simmered down, the Owners gave him an Interest. After that he began to perspire when he looked at the Pay-Roll, and it did seem to him that a lot of big, lazy Lummixes were standing around the Shop doing the Soldier Act. He learned to snap his Fingers every time the Office Boy giggled. As for the faithful old Book-Keeper who wanted an increase to $9 and a week's Vacation in the Summer, the best he got was a little Talk about Contentment being a Jewel.

The Associate Partner played Simon Legree, all except the make-up. The saddest moment of the Day for him was when the whole Bunch knocked off at 6 o'clock in the Evening. It seemed a Shame to call 10 Hours

a Full Day. As for the Saturday Half-Holiday Movement, that was little better than Highway Robbery. Those who formerly slaved alongside of him in the Galleys had to address him as Mister, and he had them numbered the same as Convicts.

One Day an Underling ventured to remind the Slave-Driver that once he had been the Friend of the Salaried Minion.

"Right you are," said the Boss. "But when I plugged for the lowly Wage-Earner I never had been in the Directors' Office to see that beautiful Tableau entitled 'Virtue copping out the Annual Dividend.' I don't know that I can make the Situation clear to you, so I will merely remark that all those who get on our side of the Fence are enabled to catch a new Angle on this Salary Question."

MORAL: For Educational Purposes, every Employé should be taken into the Firm.



Simon Legree.

Rugged Hiram and Hiram's Giddy Wife.

ONCE there was a staid Business Man who was hooked up with a hoop-la Spender. It was often remarked that Hiram's Wife seemed to take it for granted that Treasury Notes grew on Trees. She wore those long, lozenge-shaped Rings that blind the Spectator, and she had a different Sunburst for every Day in the Week and a Diamond Tarara that made the other Women sizzle with Envy. She wore a trailing Work Gown that kept coming into the Room long after she had entered.

Now and then she would give a Party at which $80 worth of Spinach would be hung on the Chandeliers. The highest-priced Caterer in Town would deal out the sparkling Conversation Water as if Brut and Buttermilk cost about the same.

She was, in very Sooth, among the highest of the Rollers, but Hiram stood for the Bills with nary a Whimper. He was proud to be the Husband of the Lady Ki-Bosh of the Local Knickerbockers.



A Trailing Worth Gown.

He never pranced into the Ring himself for Fear that he might Interfere or throw a Shoe, but he sat back in Section A and rooted for the Missus. Every time she was awarded a Blue Ribbon for another Social Triumph, he was pleased beyond Compare.

Hiram was a Child of Nature, and he never had been able to outgrow his Birthright. Even when he was attired in his $135 Evening Clothes, one could tell by looking at him that he knew how to milk a Cow. He had more Hands and Feet than he could dispose of at one Time.

Hiram could not comb his Hair so that it would Stay, and although he had been in the City for 30 years he never contrived to get the Hang of a tie-it-yourself Bow Tie, so he used the kind that fastens behind with a little Buckle. It was even said that Hiram was unable to put the Studs in his Shirt without getting Finger-Marks on the Bosom. Hiram's Wife or daughter Jessie always had to go to his Room and look him over and turn him around a couple of times before they dared to



In His Evening Clothes.

lead him out where the Company could see him.

When there was a Theatre-Party, Hiram always sat back between the Curtains so as to avoid spoiling the Picture, and at the same time keep the Draught away from the other People. At a Dinner-Party he was usually put in between two gabby Girls who had tacit Instructions to keep him elbowed into the Background.

And yet, withal, Hiram was a Man of Sterling Worth and many admirable Qualities. He was the Family Gibraltar, while his Wife and Jessie were supposed to be mere Floral Ornaments. Best of all, Hiram was known to be a Star at getting the Coin. The Fact that the Family put up such a tall Front in the Society Column helped the Public to believe that Hiram was as good as Old Wheat and as prosperous as a Kansas Farmer. And he was supposed to be long on Business Integrity. It was argued that one so Yappy would have to be correspondingly Honest.

Hiram was so Severe and Puritanical and

had so much clinging Agricultural Simplicity that no one dreamed the Truth about him. In Reality, his Arteries were surcharged with Sporting Blood. When no one suspected it, he liked to put on a Mask and sneak out and hold up the Stock Market. That is what he did until one sad Day in May the Stock Market up and Did him. He got it right where the Hired Girl wears the Ruching.

Hiram came home as Pale as a Ghost and broke the News that he was in the Hole. He hesitated to tell the Wife, for she was a Fragile Being, unaccustomed to the rude Buffets of the Strenuous Life, and he feared that such a cruel Blow might crush her. But he finally divulged the frightful Truth and then flopped to the Settee and began to Bluff about killing himself, so that she could get the Insurance Money. She told him to Behave, and then she went out and made a Cup of Strong Tea for him.

Hiram had been an Imposing Figure so long as he had his Financial Underpinning, but when they yanked away his Supports he

did a horrible Collapse. When he got the Swing in the Plexus and toppled over he proved to be a sorry Quitter. He lay on his Back and claimed a Foul, while his Wife and Jessie hustled around to save some of the Wreckage.

They gave up the Servants and soaked the Jewels and moved into a smaller House. It was a rapid Come-Down, but even while they were doing the Parachute they continued to look Pleasant and be Game. Although their Female Friends came around to express Sympathy and stick Pins in them, they forced the Angelic Smile and did not act a bit like Heavy Losers.

They had to take in Roomers and give Lessons in China-Painting in order to save Hiram from the Poor-House, and yet with all their Skimping and Economizing they never pretended to know Poverty.

When a Man loses his Money he goes to his Bedroom to drink himself into a Trance. A Woman lights the House from Cellar to Garret and sends out Invitations for a Party.



Had to Take in Roomers.

BREAKING INTO SOCIETY

On an Income of about $3 a Week, Hiram's Wife and Daughter managed to keep up Appearances and occasionally have some of their Old Friends to Dinner. Hiram never understood how they managed it. When he looked at his empty Bank-Book and then out at the Cold World he was for giving up and disappearing beneath the Waves. His Wife braced him and told him to think of Jessie. Hiram wept and said there was no Hope for the Child of a Pauper. Notwithstanding which, Hiram's Wife kept the Family right along in the Swim and married Jessie to a desirable Catch. It is true that she starved the Household for six months in order to give the Young Couple a daisy Send-Off.

And all this time Hiram, the astute Business Manager, was standing around on one Foot like a Town Simpleton at a Kissing-Bee.

Hiram had learned how to do Things with Money, but he had to turn to his frivolous Wifey to find out how to Manage it when there was no Money.

In other words, Hiram discovered that Cash

had been the Essence of his Existence while it had been the mere accidental Adjunct to his Wife's Social Campaigns.

Without a big Reserve he was a Smoke. She, minus her Check-Book, rose to greater heights of Diplomacy. In time she succeeded in resuscitating her groggy Husband and putting him back on the Track, but he had lost his Ginger. He was stoop-shouldered and gray as a Bat.

She turned up at the Club Meetings just as chipper as of Yore, only she came by Trolley instead of Coupé.

MORAL: It is the upheaval of Tough Luck that causes a Transfer of the Family Sceptre.

The Lecture Tickets That Were Bought but Never Used.

ONCE there was a Man living in a Big Town and he had a Cousin whom he never had seen. Some people are very lucky as to their Relatives.

The Man who lived in the Wicked Metropolis was named Sanford, and the Cousin who lived out in the Woods was known as Lafe, although his real Name was Lafayette.

Every Christmas Sanford would send Lafe some kind of a stingy Gift, and then Lafe would retaliate by shipping in a fat Turkey for Thanksgiving. There was a formal Exchange of Letters about twice per Year.

Sanford was a good deal Upset one day to receive Word that Cousin Lafayette was coming to spend a Week. Whatever Joy he felt he did not show at all.

The visiting Cousin is liable to be a Fierce Proposition under the most favorable Conditions, but it is more than Hard Luck to be saddled with one who is a Total Stranger. Sanford was hoping that the Train would

run off the Track, but he wrote Cousin Lafe to be sure and come right to the House.

Sanford saw a very pink Week ahead of him. He was not very Strong for the Chaperon Game. He could see himself neglecting Business in order to lead Cousin Lafe around and show him the Sky-Scrapers, the Animals in the Park, the Éden Musée, and the big Engine in the Power-House. He had observed that the Excursionist is always keen to see a lot of Sights that are a Sealed Book to the Man who lives right in the City.

Sanford tried to get a Line on Cousin Lafe so as to frame up the right kind of a Programme. He could tell by the Picture in the Family Album that Lafe was a Pure Character and somewhat of a Rube. He wore a White Tie and had his Hair gummed down on his Forehead. He looked as if he would like to be a Preacher but could not quite make it. His open Countenance had that sweet and trusting Expression of the Hubbard Squash who is willing to give two Tens for a Five.

So far as Sanford could learn, Cousin Lafe was a kind of moral Sign-Board and snow-white Object-Lesson in the Jay Town which claimed him as its own. He was a Cemetery Trustee and Chairman of the Committee to solicit Funds for a new Y. M. C. A. Building. Also he had been prominent in the Sunday-Closing Movement and the Main Kazoo in the Citizens' Reform League.

Accordingly, Sanford had all the Drinkables removed from the Sideboard, and he warned the Children not to Laugh while Cousin Lafe was saying Grace at the Table. Then he went out and bought some Tickets for a Lecture, and got a written Permit to go through the Car-Shops.

He went to the Station to meet the rural Lamb and protect him against the Cabmen. He saw a Hot Sport with a new Suit of Clothes and a Red Tie come through the Gate, but he did not spot anything that resembled a Cemetery Trustee. While he was still waiting, the Hot Sport came up and walloped him on the Back and introduced himself.



In the Family Album.

"What do you think?" asked the President of the Yapville Citizens' Reform League. "I got into a Poker Game with two of them Ikey Drummers on the Train and trimmed them for 87 Samoleons. If the Train had been a half-hour late I'd have got their Sample-Cases. I've got a Roll here that would choke a Horse, and I have a Feeling that I am about to Buy. We drank up everything in the Dining-Car except the Catsup before we got to Springfield, and I wouldn't take $7 for my Thirst. By the way, I want to tell you that I've left my Pajamas at Home, and you might as well move the Bed out of my Room, because I won't need it. If you have any Word to send to your Folks before we cut loose, step into the Box and telephone while you're still able to talk."

"What do you wish to see first of all, the Parks or the Power-House?" asked Sanford.

"If it's all the same to you," said the Cemetery Trustee, "I should like to begin my Vacation by putting a tall Crimp in the



Introduced Himself.

Guy that spins the little Ivory Ball. Then you can send home for your Low-Neck and we will have a little Dinner-Party. I have engaged the Louis XIV. Room up at the Hotel. I have in my Suit-Case no less than 17 Letters of Introduction to well-known Society Ladies who are always Hungry. This Afternoon I expect to have all the Messenger Boys in Town busy. When we sit down this Evening there will be $8 worth of Violets and four Cocktails at every Plate. I'll show these Tessies that I'm no Piker. After the Eats we are going over and sit in all of the Boxes at that Rough-House Show that I've been reading about. After that we are going to a nice, quiet all-night Restaurant, where they have the Hungarian Orchestra, and any one that passes away before 6 A.M. will be called a Quitter."

"Are you Cousin Lafe or a Ringer?" asked Sanford.

"I am the Cemetery Trustee all right, all right," was the reply. "A Cemetery Trustee breaks over only about once in Three



Had Him Down and Out.

Years, but when he does hit the Track he makes a Mile in 2.00 look like a Funeral Procession. For many Months I have been drinking Milk and posing as an Example for the Young. I live in one of those Towns where every living Soul knows how much I pay for my Clothes and how many Lumps of Sugar I put in my Coffee. If I took a Drink out there everybody would know about it in twenty Minutes. If I smoked a Cigarette I would be hanged in Effigy. I might as well go out and kill an Aged Woman with a Hatchet as mix up in any Poker Games. So I do the Straight and Narrow. But now I'm up here among the Electric Lights with no one to keep Cases on me. I am long on Sleep, and I have Money in every Pocket. I'm up here to play a short Engagement as the Village Indian. If you care to follow me, I think I can put you in right and probably show you a good many Places that you never saw before, even if you do live right in Town."

Sanford tried to be Game, but in two Days

Cousin Lafe had him Down and Out. He fell back and took the Count. Cousin Lafe took him Home in a Hack and roasted him, and told him he was a Rhinestone Sport and a Mackerel.

"I'm all in," said the Wreck. "I admit everything you say. The Man who lives in Town and thinks he is a Gay Dog isn't a Marker alongside of the Respectable Citizen from down the Road. I am supposed to be a dissolute Clubman, but I take off my Hat to a Cemetery Trustee."

Cousin Lafe went back to the Country and reported that Sanford was a Nice Man but seemed to be a little Wild.

MORAL: Don't try to keep up with any Pillar of Society.

The Escape of Arthur and the Salvation of Herbert.

ONCE there was a lonely Man who Married, thinking that he would find a Home, but instead of that he ran into an Experiment Station.

The other end of the Team was the original Recipe Shark and Family Doctor.

She was a bright, eagle-eyed Party with a high, throbbing Forehead, and she was always on the lookout for New Wrinkles. Any time that she picked up the *Lady's Household Friend* and read about a Cure for Chilblains she would cut out the Article with the Button-Hole Scissors, and then for Days afterwards she would be snooping around for a Case of Chilblains so that she could work on it.

She had about 3000 of these Home Remedies up her Sleeve, and any time that Arthur complained of the slightest Ache or Pain she lit on him like a Bee on a Flower and started in with one of her famous Treatments.

She loved these private Clinics, with Arthur strapped to the Operating-Table. He had been blistered in so many different Places and handed so many kinds of Dope that he became Leery, in time, and always claimed to be feeling Immense, even though he did not think he would live through the Day.

She had some awful Things ribbed up for him any time that he showed up with a Bad Cold. She would give him Vinegar Tea and a Lump of Sugar soaked in Kerosene. Then she would parboil his Feet and hand him a few Onion Poultices, and put him to Bed with all the Covers over him and let him lie there and Sozzle.

Sometimes she almost drove him to Drink, but he did not dare to drink very much for fear that she would give him some Secret Cure in his Coffee, and thereby rob him of a Thirst which he prized very highly.

The Missus was a firm Believer in all these How-To Flim-Flams that run in the Monthly Magazines:

How to Beautify the Home without spending a Cent.

How to live on 78 Cents a Week.

How to become a Lady Sandow by exercising 3 Minutes every Day.

How to lift a $2000 Mortgage on a Salary of $10 per Week.

Usually, when he came Home he found her draping an old Mother Hubbard over a Shoe-Box so as to make a Hall Seat, or else she had a Hot Poker and was burning a High-Art Design on a Wooden Platter. Not one of the Fads got past Experimental Lizzie. She took a Fall out of every One.

Sometimes when Arthur would comé down to Breakfast, ready to punish a few Links of Farm Sausage, he would find in front of him a Bowl full of what looked a good deal like Asbestos Packing.

"Is it to eat?" he asked, backing off.

"The surest thing you know," was the Reply. "It is Hokopoko, the new tasteless Breakfastine, and it is recommended by all the Dyspeptics and Physical Wrecks."



Her Private Clinics.

"I don't want to get my dietary Hunches from the Death Chamber," said Arthur. "I should prefer to take my Tips from a good, husky Farm-Hand."

"But this has 62 per cent. of Nitro-Glutine, and one Tablespoonful contains the same Nourishment that may be found in 18 Pounds of Sirloin Steak."

"Say, why don't you buy a good, strong Dog and try these Things on him?" asked Arthur. "I refuse to take any more of this Chop-Feed. If you want to get it into me you'll have to give me Gas and then inject it into my Arm."

So she said she would Compromise by letting him have some Cereal Sausage. It looked just the same as Sausage, and you could not tell the difference until you started to Eat it.

What with the Health Underwear, the Electric Belts, the Pillows stuffed with Pine-Cones, etc., etc., etc., Arthur was constantly reminded of the Fact that he was being used for experimental Purposes.



The New Tasteless Breakfastine.

He did not enjoy a real Let-Up until little Herbert arrived. When Herbert was 3 Days old Mamma began to read Books on the Child Mind. Within a Month she had little Herby propped up in the Crib doing Kindergarten Stunts, with two or three Old Maids off on the Side Lines coaching to beat the Band.

Arthur would butt in occasionally and try to protect his helpless Offspring, and then he would get a hard Call-Down. The Missus had a large Scrap-Book full of Helpful Hints to Amateur Mothers.

She started in at Page 1 and gave Herbert the whole Works. Whenever any one who knew all about the Care of Children brought her a new Preparation, she either fed it to little Herby or else rubbed it on his Back.

Arthur had the old-fashioned Notion that all a Kid needed was a Milk Diet and something Rubber on which to chew, but the Chief of the Experiment Station had a lot of Club Theories to be tested, and she was working on little Herbert every Minute.



Little Herby's Fate.

This made it Fine for Father, because he could shake his Electric Belt and get some real Food by fixing it with the Hired Girl, but it was a fierce Lay-Out for little Herbert. Herbert never had a Chance to sneak out to the Club and tell his Troubles and get a lot of Sympathy.

Herbert had to stay right there in the House and let the Mothers' Club practise on him.

"He's a Wonder," said Arthur to his Friends at the Club. "If he lives through it he'll make a grand Foot-Ball Player some Day."

When Herbert was 6 years of Age the Scientific Mother had him reading Bliss Carman. Father tried to slip him Mother Goose on the quiet, but was headed off.

Still, Arthur was not discouraged.

"There is always one Hope for the Boy who is brought up according to League Rules," said the Father. "Wait until he gets into the Public School, and he will get wise to a Few Things and probably flash a

few unexpected Developments on Mother Dear."

Sure enough, when Teacher wrote a Note and said that Angel had shied a Brick at a Teamster, and, furthermore, had licked the inoffensive Son of a poor Hod-Carrier, the Experimental Mother threw a Back-Twister and wondered why the Club System had failed to work out.

MORAL: As the Father is Bent the Child is Inclined.

The Up-to-Date Atlas Who Carried the World on His Shoulders.

ONCE there lived in a Jim Crow Town a glowing Intellect who was Posted on all the Issues of the Day.

Some one had to keep Cases on the Government and prevent the whole Outfit from getting out of Kelter, and so the Job fell to Mordecai F. Quinsy. Mr. Quinsy found that he could give his Time to regulating the Washington Game because his Wife did Sewing and his Daughter was an Expert Stenographer. Between them they kept him supplied with good 5-cent Cigars and relieved his Mind of all Business Cares.

He had nothing to worry him except Affairs of State.

When he tackled a large International Problem he could do so with a keen, active Brain that had not been fagged out by any cheap Exertion, such as trying to locate the Winter's Supply of Coal.

Mr. Quinsy had the solemn Phiz of a professional Pall-Bearer, and much meditation



An International Problem.

had corrugated the Front of the Dome. Those who merely caught one Flash of him and never looked up his Record and checked off his Pedigree thought he was about due to break into the Senate. To tell the cold and icy Truth, Mordecai could not have been elected Constable, but just the same he knew all about John Hay's next Move, and sometimes he fretted a good deal for Fear that John would make a Miscue and permit himself to be Hornswaggled by them foreign Diplomats.

Mr. Quinsy could sit on a Kit of Mackerel, with a Bunch of Keys, a Barlow Knife, a Plug of good eating Tobacco, and about 35 cents in Currency secreted in his Jeans, and he could tell the Treasury Department just how to manage the next $100,000,000 Issue of Bonds.

One thing that worried Mr. Quinsy a lot was the possibility that Teddy would make some serious Mistake. He felt more or less responsible for Teddy, inasmuch as he had formally nominated him in front of Pilkins's

Hardware Store as far back as 1889. If he could have been at Teddy's Elbow all the time to whisper Advice there would have been no Chance for the Administration to get balled up. But the Trouble was that Mr. Quinsy was out at Peewee Junction and Teddy was up at Washington, and they could not get together to frame up a Policy.

Mr. Quinsy was a man of Regular Habits and very Methodical. He had so much to do every Day that he had to work on a close Schedule.

In the Morning, after his Wife had arisen and started the Fire and put on the Griddle, Mr. Mordecai F. Quinsy would arise and take a few Observations of the Weather. He was a very able Prognosticator, and one of his favorite Stunts was to get up in the Morning and do a little Forecasting for the benefit of his Wife and Daughter.

After Breakfast he put on his Overcoat and wrapped himself up in a Comforter so as not to catch Cold and lose the Use of his

Voice. If Mordecai F. Quinsy had lost the use of his Voice this Country would have been in a Bad Way.

Mr. Quinsy knew a Druggist who took a Daily Paper, and so, the first thing every Morning, he went to the Drug Store to find out what Fool Break had been made by Congress. After reading the Paper he sat by the Stove and laid out some Work for the Ways and Means Committee.

After which he went down to the Station to see Number Six go through.

After which he went up to the Post-Office to wait until the Mail had been distributed. One day in 1878 Mordecai received a Seed Catalogue, and after that he was encouraged. While waiting for his Mail Mr. Quinsy said a few plain Words about the Kaiser and stood up for the Monroe Doctrine.

About 11 o'clock every day Mr. Quinsy acted as Referee in a Pool Game, and then went over to the Barber Shop to look at the Illustrated Papers containing the Pictures



Number Six.

of Footlight Favorites and Noted Criminals. Mr. Quinsy, being possessed of an Analytical Mind, was deeply interested in all Murder Mysteries, and for every Case he had a few Theories of his own that would have been a great help to the Police.

Just at 12 o'clock Mr. Quinsy went home and ate a hearty Dinner, after which he returned to Main Street smoking a Farm-Hand Regalia and gazing thoughtfully at the Ground, trying to straighten out the Panama Canal Business.

In the Afternoon he hung around the Court-House more or less because he played a good Game of Checkers, and, besides, he liked to be on hand in case the State needed the Services of an unprejudiced Juror.

Mr. Quinsy had a Weak Back, which prevented him from splitting Wood, but he loved some kinds of Work, and the Honest Toil that suited him best was to sit on a Jury in a Case involving Assault and Battery.

If there was nothing doing at the Court-



Suffering.

House, Mr. Quinsy usually went to a Real-Estate Office and grappled with the Trust Problem. He had given much Thought to the Matter of legislating against infamous Combines, and he was one of the first to discover that the Trusts were trying to whip-saw the Working Classes.

About the time that he had solved the Trust Problem he had to go over and see the Afternoon Train go through and wait for his Mail once more.

Late in the Day he usually dropped in at an Undertaker's Shop where a Veterinary Surgeon and a retired Truck Farmer were collaborating on a Foreign Policy for the State Department. Mr. Quinsy was always able to slip in a few Suggestions. He was dead set against the Anglo-Saxon Alliance, and believed in the Annexation of Canada, even if it involved War.

At 5.30 he would purchase a Pound of Oyster Crackers and have them charged. Then he would go home to Tea, and tell Mrs. Quinsy and Daughter to fix up the Sofa for

him as he was suffering from a Headache and wanted to Rest for a little while.

MORAL: What we need in America is the Gospel of Relaxation.

Hazel's Two Husbands and What Became of Them.

ONCE there was a Nice Girl who graduated from the High-School in a White Organdie, and read an Essay, on Heliotrope Paper, entitled "Life and Its Opportunities."

The Girl's Name was Hazel, and about the time she drew the Diploma she was eating Sour Pickles and just crazy to be an Authoress. A few Months later she Debut-ted with a Fanfare of Trumpets, after which she was so busy straightening out her Dates and sorting over her Dance Programmes that she forgot all about her Literary Ambitions.

Hazel was built on the Gibson Plan, and it looked as if a good, fresh Breeze might blow her away. Just the same, when she went to a Hop she was good for everything from the Grand March to "Home, Sweet Home." All she needed to keep her on the Jump throughout the entire Night was a dab of Chicken Salad and a Macaroon about 1 A.M.

Hazel stood in with the real Rowdy-Dows and was present at most of the tall Doings, but she was a trifle shy on Wardrobe. Papa had a large Family hitched behind his lowly Apple-Cart, and he could not provide Hazel with very many Snake Rings and Diamond Belt-Buckles.

So foxy Hazel had the Weather Eye at work. She was looking for something Kind and Easy.

Of course, she liked the Boys she met at the Dances. They were lovely Chaps and kept their Hair combed nicely. Each one of them owned another Suit of Clothes and a Banjo, but Hazel was not looking for a Banjo. She was hoping for a Perfect Gentleman who would hand her a Check-Book and tell her to go as far as she liked.

Therefore, when an Elderly Bachelor with an Income of several Dollars per Minute began to hang around, she hearkened to the Voice of Reason.

Hazel found herself in a swell Shack right on the Boulevard, with 14 Vassals to do her

Bidding and a Change of Jewelry for every Hour in the Day.

Husband would arise at 7.30 and pike to the Office, but Hazel would take her Coffee in Bed about 10.30 and then read the Sussiety Notes, for fear that her Name had got into the Papers. Then she would have her Hair done up and permit two or three strong Servants to lift her into her Clothes. Then she would go out for a little Ride in a Royal Equipage padded 14 inches deep. All this time the Money-Getter would be answering the Telephone with one Hand and dictating Contracts with the Other.

At 6.30, when the Producer showed up for Dinner, he was a Faded Flower, and had about as much Gimp as a Wet Towel. But Hazel, when she began to sniff the Night Air, was just as kittenish as a Broncho and keen for a Frolic. She was for taking in a chaste and instructive Musical Comedy and then having a tasty little Supper of about 11 Courses.

If the Producer tried to lie down and



10.30 A.M.

claimed that it had been a Hard Day at the Office, Hazel accused him of being a Slobsterine, and intimated that he had ceased to Love. After sitting around all Day, Hazel was not hankering for any Quiet Evening in the Library. She wanted to get out and hit up the High Spots and dazzle the Public with her A1 Exhibit of Precious Stones.

Papa knew that if he did not go she would call up some of the Live Ones and leave him behind. He wanted to be game, so he would trail along and hover like a Dark Cloud at the Outskirts of the Happy Group. The only time any one paid any Attention to him was when the Check came.

Hazel had him going South most of the Time.

If he ever started to rise up and declare himself she would give him a sweet little Kiss, right on the Forehead, and tell him to lie down and Behave.

There is only one Finish for the deluded Mortal who tries to work on a Day Schedule and at the same time cover the Bright-Light



The Slobsterine.

District with the Night Shift. He winds up as the Principal Attraction of a Daylight Function at which six of his old-time Friends wear White Gloves. Every one sends Flowers, but he does not have to acknowledge them.

Hazel looked very well in Black, but it was Hard Lines for her to stay in-doors. She knew it would cause Talk if she cut loose before the Grass was Green in the Family Lot, so she was pulling for an Early Spring and plenty of Rain.

When she bought her Second Ticket for the Merry-go-Round, she was determined on one Thing.

"The next one I pick out will not be tied down to any Office," she told herself. "I want a Man who can keep awake all Evening. I refuse to travel with Quitters. What we need in this Country to put Ginger into our Social Affairs are Gentlemen of Leisure who begin to get Good along about Midnight."

So she picked out a handsome Wretch of Good Family who never had worked a Mo-



She Obtained a Decree.

ment in all of his Life, and who hated the sight of a Bed.

He argued that it was Bad Form for any one to suggest going home before Daybreak.

They went travelling together as soon as she had settled the Insurance. When they arrived in a New Town he would go out to buy a Package of Cigarettes, and then he would return in three days to find out if everything was O. K. and if she was having a Nice Time.

But you could say one Word to his Credit. He never interfered with any of her Arrangements, for the Reason that when the Arrangements were being made he was Non Est. He belonged to several Clubs, at which the Members removed their Pajamas to put on Evening Clothes. Sometimes he met his Wife at Dinner-Parties, and when he did so he showed her every Consideration and asked her if she was still living at the same Place. He never forgot to be a Gentleman, even at a Dinner-Party.

Although she saw him only about once a

Week, she always had this Consolation: She knew he was not working himself to Death in any Office.

When she applied for a Divorce, the Officers had to Hunt a long Time before they found him.

He was very much Pained, and said he had never used a harsh or cruel Word to her, because he always talked over the Phone, with Central listening.

She obtained a Decree, and as she was leaving the Court-Room she was met by a sympathetic Friend.

"What are you going to do next?" asked the Friend.

"I am going to buy a Dog," was the Reply.

MORAL: It is often necessary to try two or three before the Right Kind is Landed.

The Galley Slave Who Was Just About To but Never Did.

ONCE there was a Youth who tackled the Mercantile Career at a very light Stipend.

His chief Ambition in Life was to get so far ahead of the Game that he could afford a nice Cutaway Suit, a swell Derby for Sunday, and a 14-karat De Beers set in a massive Gold Band.

He learned to embrace the Country Trade and talk 175 Words per Minute, so that in a little while he had an Offer from an Opposition Concern. Whereupon he said he hated to leave, but—and the House stood for an Increase.

He came into the Cutaway and the Ring, and then he found that he needed a Spike-Tail and a Folding-Hat and a Cape-Coat. His Glad Raiment carried him right into Sussiety, and he began to meet Gazelles that suited him, so he figured on the Probable Expense of Keeping House.

He thought that if he could annex a good-



He Came into the Cutaway.

looking Tottie with large, soulful Eyes, and take an Apartment and keep a Girl, then he would be fixed for sure.

So he went out for more Salary and carried the Bank-Book next to his Heart. At last the Proud Day arrived when he had his own Flat, with a rented Piano in the Front Room and Tidies on the Chairs. Before the Lease expired Pet discovered that the Dining-Room was too small, and began to dream Dreams of a House of their Own in which they could Entertain. So he tucked back his Cuffs and took a fresh Grip on the World of Trade, and boned like a Turk, making Payments on the House. He was beginning to look round-shouldered, but he drank plenty of Coffee and smoked fat Cigars and buckled down.

He had it all planned to take a good Rest as soon as he had lifted the Mortgage. He went so far as to send out for Time-Tables and look at the Pictures of People sitting around in Steamer Chairs enjoying the Sea Air.

He would have taken a nice, long Vacation, only he saw a Chance to break into the Firm. Accordingly he went in Debt up to his Eyes. He would lie awake at Night casting up his Liabilities and computing Interest. He talked to himself on the Street, and acted just the least bit Dippy. But he was determined to swing the Deal, and then, as soon as he was out of the Woods, he could take a Trip and hang around Picture-Galleries and ride in Gondolas and have the Time of his Life, with nothing to worry him.

For Years he had said that it was a Crime for any one Man to pile up more than $100,000. As soon as he went above that Figure it was a Case of sitting up Nights to count it. As soon as he had that Hundred Thousand raked up and tied in Bundles, then for a Quiet Spot near a Body of Water and a Naphtha Launch and the free, open Life of the Golf Links.

To the 50-cent Table-d'Hôte Fellow, 100,000 Samoleons in one Lump looks bigger than the Union Station, but the Man who is

being gnawed by the Mazuma Bacillus thinks he is a Pauper unless he can count up Seven Figures. He is always sizing up alongside of Rockefeller and Morgan, and he feels like a Piker sitting in a stiff Poker Game with one White Seed.

Just about the time the Business Man counted up $100,000 to the Good he discovered that he needed seven Servants around the House. And the Missus could float downtown on a sunny Afternoon and make $1000 look like a Pinch of Small Change.

He set his Mark at One Million. Then, when he had that, out to the Sylvan Dell. He was going to be a Gentleman Farmer.

Every Office Building on Earth is congested with hollow-eyed Prisoners who are planning to be Gentleman Farmers. About next Year or Year after—away from the Hurly Burly and nothing to do except raise Chickens.

All of them have those Chicken Dreams. This Business Man whom we are describing even went so far as to pick out the kind of



Fourteen Push-Buttons in Front of Him.

Chickens he was going to raise—Plymouth Rocks. He figured how many Eggs he could get per Hen, and sometimes, when the Pencil was working well, he estimated that he could make the Place self-supporting.

In the mean time he was humping himself and eating Pepsin Tablets and taking a little something every Night to make him Sleep.

The Business had developed so that he had fourteen Push-Buttons in front of him, and kept two Stenographers busy, and was jumping from the Long-Distance Phone to the Private Office most of the Time, and chewing up 30-cent Cigars, and in other Ways giving a correct Imitation of a Man who has a large and ambitious Family on Hand.

He began to look Wild out of the Eyes and had a severe Case of the Jumps, but he had to postpone that Rest for a little While, because no one else understood all the Details of the Business.

When the Doctor hinted about Nervous Prostration he said that he was trying to get the whole Organization down to a System, so



Would be All Right in a Day or So.

that some one else could step in and run it, after which he expected to take a Place in the Country and raise Chickens. He told the Chicken Story so often he began to believe it himself.

In order to systematize the Large Business so that he could turn it over to some one else and then have his Vacation, he began to put in 16 hours a Day, and landed in the large Corner Room, with a Trained Nurse putting Ice on his Head and telling him he would be all right in a Day or so.

He had a Ticker put in at one side of the Bed, and kept a Stenographer on hand up to the Afternoon that he departed this life.

It is said that when he went to his Reward he was met by a Celestial Attendant, who proved to be the Recording Angel.

"If you're the Recording Angel, get out your Book," said the Business Man. "I want you to take a few Letters for me."

MORAL: The Chicken Ranch is always in the Future Tense.

The Willing Collegian Who Was Hunting for a Foothold.

ONCE there was a Young Man with a College Education, an assortment of Cravats, and about $8 in Real Money who was anxiously looking for his Life Work.

He wanted to break into a Learned Profession so that he could wear his Good Clothes all of the Time and get the Coin without working too hard for it.

His Idea of a dignified Snap was to sit in a small Office about three hours every Day and have the Public come in and pass Money to him. The Medical Game struck him as being about the softest Proposition of all.

He thought that all Doc had to do was to lead the Mark into the Chamber of Horrors, where they have the Skulls and the Butcher-Knives, look him over, ask a few Questions, tell him to stop Smoking, and then tap him for a V.

So the hopeful Graduate went to the old Family Physician for a few Tips.

The antique Medicine-Man threw a Back-Twister when he heard of the Boy's Intentions.

"Any one who tackles the Æsculapian Stunt is a vitrified Mutt," said his Whiskers. "If you must earn your living, be a Porch-Climber or a Short-Change Man. We now have in this Country four Medical Degrees to every case of Tonsillitis. Most of us are kept so close to the Carpet that we have to buy last year's Magazines to put in the Waiting-Room. If a Patient dies, all of his Friends say that you helped to push him off, so they undermine your Practice and begin to plug for Christian Science. If he gets well, he gives you the Laugh, and you have to go after him with a Constable. If you acquire a Reputation, they work the Night-Bell on you; and if you arrange a Dinner-Party, it's a Cinch that some Old Lady, three miles away, will ring in an Epileptic Fit and crab your whole Evening. Nix the Materia Medica! Turn back before it is too late."

Thereupon the Collegian bethought him of



The Antique Medicine-Man
Explains.

the Law. So he went to old Judge Caveat and said he wanted to start right in Reading.

"If you can dispense with Eating for the next 15 Years, come and join our noble Profession," said the Judge. "If you have got into the Food Habit, however, and feel that you may need Clothes now and then, take my Advice and duck. It's getting so that one can't drop a Brick out of a Window without hitting at least three Lawyers. The only ones who land are those that sell their Immortal Souls to the Corporations, and they get roasted so hard that they can't be elected anything except United States Senators. The Legal Profession is a Lottery in which there are 999 Blanks to every Prize, and the one who gets the Prize usually draws a case of Nervous Dyspepsia with it and has to live on Cereal Food. If you desire safe and profitable Employment, learn to be a Bank-Robber, but don't join the Starvation Brigade. The Professions are petering out. We live in a Commercial Age. The Money-



All About the Grocery Business.

Makers of to-day are the Wise Boys who trade in Produce and Manufactured Staples."

Accordingly the Young Fellow put in an Application with a large Wholesale Concern. The High Guy called him in and gave him a Talk.

"If you are Strong and Willing we can start you at $3.50 per Week juggling Boxes," said the Manager. "In ten Years or so you will be moved up into the book-keeping Department, where you can get $60 a Month just like finding it. Before you decide upon a Mercantile Career, I may as well warn you that 95 per cent. of those who go into Business eventually blow up, and the other 5 per cent. compromise with the Trust and get what they can. The inexperienced Kid without Capital who tries to get a Hammer-Lock on these air-tight Combinations has about as much chance as a Chicken at a Camp-Meeting. If you wish to sit on a High Stool so long that you grow fast to it, and then, at the Wind-Up, get a Floral Pillow from your Fellow-Employés, come and

join our Happy Band. But, if you are Foxy, cut out the Mercantile Act and try some Enterprise in which you will have a Show to pull out something for yourself."

By this time the Assets had shrivelled to about $2.60, and it was up to the ambitious Stripling to get on a Pay-Roll or else begin the systematic Touch.

Journalism looked very good to him, because it seemed to require neither Experience nor Funds, and he could mould Public Opinion without joining the Moulders' Union. An Old-Timer in the Business steered him away.

"Don't start into this Life," he said. "It's only a Tread-mill, and after your Legs give out you are dropped down the Dark Chute. Besides, your Collegiate Training unfits you to help out on the Comic Supplement. Another thing, the longer you dally with Journalism the less you know about it. The best Way in which to direct a Newspaper is to stay away from the Office and write Letters to the Editor."

The poor Youth had just about played his whole String when he happened to think of the Stage. He was a Good-Looker and knew how to wear Clothes, and had made terrific Hits in Amateur Productions. The hardened Manager to whom he sent his Card handed him a Cake of Ice weighing 300 Pounds.

"The Trouble with you is that you have been attending the University instead of working on a Spring-Board so as to do the Double Flip-Flops," said the Rag-time Impresario. "You are next to the Greek Verb all right, but you are shy on Buck-and-Wing Steps, and I can't see that you have a Chance in a Million. I suppose you have studied Shakespeare. If so, you may possibly hook up with a fly-by-night Organization. The Legitimate Drama is now being played at the Whistling-Posts and Water-Tanks, but not in the great Thought-Centres. If your Voice had been cultivated in Europe, I think I could fix it for you to carry a Spear, but as you have not sufficient Talent to get you



The Old Broker's Final Word.

into the Chorus, I suggest that you go down and play the Stock Market."

Here was an Inspiration. He would go and find Employment in a Broker's Office and study the Quotations and gradually pike into the World of Speculation. He sought out a pious old Gambler who had made a Ton of Money by never doing what he let on he was going to do.

The veteran Financier would not be a Party to the ruination of any Good Young Man. "Keep away from the Market," he said. "All those who play the Ticker get the Solar-Plexus Punch sooner or later. This Speculation is very demoralizing. It has demoralized every one except me. I always warn Young Men to buy nothing on Margins. Buy it outright. You can do this easily after you've earned the first Million or two as a Stenographer."

"There doesn't seem to be any safe Opening for an eager Soul with a University Training," said the Graduate.

"I might give you a Hunch on the Q. T.,"

said the Old Gentleman. "Those who are very Bright often marry into the families of the vulgar Rich, thus acquiring the Means to go Abroad and study Art and, at the same time, throw the Hooks into their Native Land."

"I'll tackle Matrimony," said the Collegian. "That appears to be the only Field that is not overcrowded."

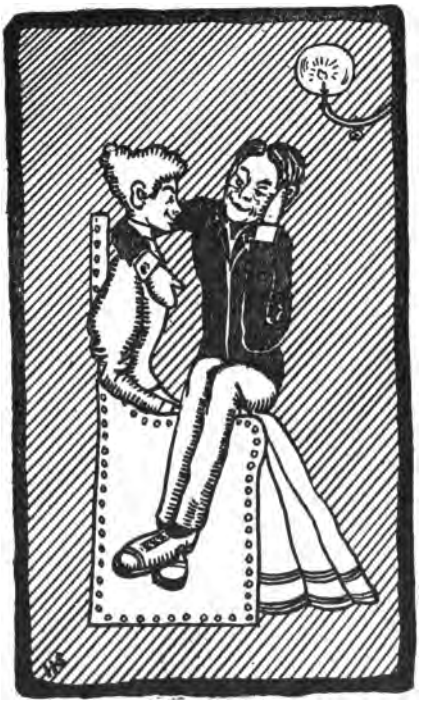
MORAL: Every Man knocks his own Line of Work and sticks to it like Glue.

The Town Lover; or, How the Lady-Killer Blew Up in the Stretch.

THERE once lived at a prominent Railway Junction a local Swell known as Wilbur. He was what one might call a Half-Portion. That is, he was a little shy on Weight, but what he lacked in Avoirdupois he made up in Nerve. He was a Fresh Gazabe who could get away with anything. For instance, he could sit in a Lady's Lap for an Hour at a Time without starting any Scandal, and yet if a full-grown Man tried to hold this same Lady's Hand for a couple of Minutes, just to be sociable, she would tell around that she had been insulted.

In speaking of Wilbur the Girls usually said that he was Cute, or else just too Cunning for any use. The Men said various Things about him, but what they said does not come under the head of Sunday Reading.

Every Debutante wanted to wear him on her Chatelaine, but most of the Men were plotting to drop a little Prussic Acid into his Ice-Cream Soda.



No Scandal.

For some Reason or other the gabby young Squab who is a Ten-Strike with the Dolly Grays never stands very Ace with the Poker-Players.

When a man has put some blonde Esmeralda up on a Pedestal a mile high and is silently waiting for the Day when he will know her well enough to carelessly throw one Arm over the back of the Chair, it makes him Hop-Eyed to see some 90-pound Rabbit with an immortal Rind chase up to the Goddess and give her the kitchy-kitchy Business under the Chin and call her "Babe."

The Pocket-edition Society Boy can take Liberties that would cause the Six-Footer to be murdered and thrown into the River.

Wilbur was the busiest little Insect that ever buzzed, and his Work had a Mahogany Finish. He could put in an Afternoon with five or six boulevard Netties and make every one of them think that she was the High Card. He ordered his Photographs by the Hundred, and he had collected enough Locks of Hair to stuff a Mattress.



Wilbur's Mail.

His Den was richly decorated with Trophies of the Chase, and the Postman became lop-sided from delivering his Mail.

There is such a Thing as being too Popular, and that was what ailed Wilbur. He was being passed around all the while and never had time to devote himself to any particular Queen, and, besides, he didn't meet very many that were Particular. He fluttered from Flower to Flower, and he did not have the Heart to tie up with any one of the Bunch and make her his Steady, because he knew that the others would pine away or else renounce the World and enter a Convent.

One Reason why Wilbur had such a strong Pull with the Buds was that he never permitted his Work to interfere with his Social Duties. They could get him on the Phone at any time and book him for any kind of a Stunt from a Luncheon to a Golf Tourney. He kept his Evening Clothes at the Office, and he could respond to a Dinner Invitation like a Fireman going to a Fire. He never side-stepped a chance to eat.



Evening Clothes Always Ready.

One of his prize Specialties was to play sympathetic Companion to the Woman whose Husband belongs to a Club. He cultivated the antique Hens who make out the Invitation Lists, and that is why Wilbur usually led the German and distributed the Favors when the Smart Set pulled off a Cotillon.

Although he was on Salary, he somehow contrived to hold up his End. Fortunately, his Board did not cost him anything, and he squared all of his Society Obligations by making Party Calls instead of sending American Beauties.

Inasmuch as all of the real Tessies were more or less crazy about Wilbur, it seemed a lead-pipe Certainty that he would land an Heiress who would take him to Palm Beach on a Wedding Tour and then pay his Tailor Bills for all time. However, so many were on his Trail that not one of them had a chance to monopolize him. Just when Hortense would get him off into a Corner to tell him that she loved Blue Eyes, Beryl would come along and begin to stroke his Hair, and then

Clarice would come up and pin Violets on him.

A Selling-Plater can keep after one Girl and finally hound her into making a Promise, but the Honey Boy has to play a Circuit all the Time. Wilbur usually had about 47 Names in his Date-Book.

He never ran short, because when the June Brides dropped out, a new Crop, fresh from the Boarding-Schools, came in to fill the Vacancies.

Year after Year the Ladies' Idol continued his heart-breaking Career, not because he wished to be Cruel, but because he couldn't help being so all-fired Entrancing.

There never was a time when he could have put a Tag on any Dulcinea without putting a Blight on the entire Female Community; so he waited.

In fact, he overdid the Waiting Act.

About the time that he outgrew his Hair and began to look a little puffy around the Eyes, the Lumty-Tum Élite caught the Athletic Fever. The Real Boy in Sussiety was

the husky Fellow who had played on a College Eleven and who owned a String of Polo Ponies.

Little Wilbur, the has-been Midge, found that he could drift into a Drawing-Room without causing the faintest Ripple.

Now that he was becoming Bald and Shelf-Worn, no one cared to use him as a Pet.

He was lucky if he got a few kind Words from some elderly Patroness. As for the Girls who owned a Million Dollars apiece, they couldn't see him with a Spy-Glass.

They would permit him to go out and call the Carriage, but that was about as far as he could go.

So he became that pathetic Figure, the played-out Beau—the extinct Volcano in the Landscape of Gayety. He tried to butt in, from Force of Habit, but he had the Ice-Pitcher handed to him so often that at last he got wise to himself and realized that he belonged on the Top Shelf.

He did what every Man does—viz., the best

he can. He hooked up with a Maiden Lady who looked all right in the Dark, and although a Bundle of Money came with her, he earned all that he got.

MORAL: He who nails the First One seldom makes a Mistake.

The Attempt to Spruce Up the Family and Give It a Standing.

ONCE there was a Happy Family that began to get a few hard Bumps when Ma bought a Work on Etiquette. Up to that time the Ontfit had not tried to throw on any Lugs.

The Male Contingent slouched around the House in their Shirt-Sleeves, while the Girls often came to Breakfast in their Balloon-Wrappers, and never thought of primping until about 3 P.M. Father had an assortment of Rube Table Manners left over from his early Experience on the Farm.

He never saw the sense of changing Knives when he hacked into the Butter, and as for using the side of the Spoon, he never could get the Hang of it.

Up to the Time that he married and became House-broke he had been a Sword-Swallower in a $4 Beanery. For years he up-ended his Soup-Plate, so as to get all that was coming to him, and cooled his Coffee in the Saucer, and concluded his Exhibition of

Barbaric Sports by using a large, limber piece of Bread as a Mop.

His Wife worked on him for twenty years, and finally had him so civilized that he no longer tucked the Napkin inside of his Collar, although he still put both Elbows on the Table and groaned a little just before tackling the Pie.

Ma belonged to several Clubs and began to meet the Lady Managers of Society. It was her Ambition to lift her own Family out of the Skate Division and get the whole Bunch into the local 400. That is why she bought the Volume containing this year's League Rules for cutting into High Life.

She wanted the Boys to forget their corn-fed Origin and do the Reginald Act and learn how to act in the Presence of Ladies. They were mostly Hands and Feet, and had no Ambition in Life except to play Baseball, but still she went to work on them hopefully, knowing that our most Exclusive Circles are more or less clogged up with Counterfeits whom Nature intended for the Hay-Fields.

BREAKING INTO SOCIETY

The Girls were a Sad Lot when Ma lined them up and decided to transform them into Drawing-Room Queens. They were Gum-Chewers of the most abandoned Type, and what they did to the English Language it would be a shame to tell. Each of them was more or less stuck on some chinless Percy who wore his Watch-Chain high up and rubbed himself with Eau de Cologne. They had read Popular Novels until they were a trifle Moony. Their conception of Romance was to eat Pickles and write Notes on Blue Paper.

Ma's Purpose in studying the Book of Etiquette was to remove the Kinks from this array of Raw Material.

She wanted each of the Boys to be a Chesterfield, while the Girls were expected to brace up and follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Sherwood.

As Director of the Training-School she had to call them down about 1000 times per Day. When she had Company the Boys always forgot to arise when a Lady entered the Room. When Dinner was announced they,



Not Wholly Civilized.

were always first at the Table. Instead of conversing with the Persons seated next to them, they humped over and got busy with the Vittles.

As for the Girls, they usually flocked in a Corner and had a Whispering-Bee. At the Table they would get an Attack of the Giggles, without letting any one else in on the Good Thing, thus making it very enjoyable for the Guests.

To cap the Climax, the Male Parent would usually try to lift the Gloom by springing some ancient Wheeze outlawed by Haverly's Minstrels as far back as 1880.

Ma had a proud Chance to win a Social Standing so long as she was handicapped by that Band of Yokels. Just when she would be talking Art with a Massachusetts Accent, one of the Boys would break in with a Demand for a Second Helping of Cauliflower. Or else the Prize Blacksmith, in a well-meaning effort to be Hospitable, would urge the Lady Opposite to pitch in and Eat some more.



Her Training-School.

After Dinner it often happened that Ma would tout the Accomplishments of the Young Ladies. Accordingly, they would be urged to Play Something, at which they would hang back and snicker and do a Sis Hopkins Specialty.

While they were Killing Time, Father would usually fall asleep with his Mouth open, or else one of the Boys would upset something in trying to do a Sneak from the Room.

As soon as the last unhappy Guest had escaped into the Night there would be a large-sized Roast waiting for the whole Tribe. Ma would sit up until 1 o'clock reminding them of all the Horrible Breaks they had made. She said that sitting around in the Kitchen cracking Hickory-Nuts was about their Size when it came to playing the Society Game. She allowed that they would be more at Home if they moved out to some Ranch and associated with the Live-Stock. When Ma got riled she forgot her Culture-Club training and handed out a very Tabasco Line of Conversation.

ATTEMPT TO SPRUCE UP

She said she was good and tired of trying to make Ladies and Gentlemen out of a Flock of Yaps who took after their Father.

At this she would get a Rise out of Father. He said he didn't propose to strain himself being Polite to a lot of Four-Flushes who owed him Money. That was the Trouble with Father. He was President of the Company, and seemed to think that his Official Position gave him a Right to break Crackers into his Soup. He refused to wear a White Tie with his Evening Clothes just because some cheap Department Manager had set the Style.

As for the Offspring, they were too mullet-headed to get wise to Ma's magnificent System of doing the Heavy. When it came to a toss-up between a Pink Tea and a Variety Show, they put their Spending Money on the Coon Song. Any time that Ma dressed them up and took them out to meet the Élite they hung back.

At last Ma saw that the only Hope lay in

shipping the whole Pack away to high-toned Schools in the East.

For several Years the Rising Generation put a Terrific Crimp in Father's Income, but at last they came home all speeded up, and then they were so Fly that Father could not travel in the same Class and even Ma could get a few Pointers from them.

At present they are tearing up the Scenery in their Touring-Cars, and they have the Nerve to tackle any kind of Society.

MORAL: A patient Woman can Educate any one except her own Husband.

The Unhappy Financier and the Discontented Rube.

ONCE there was a Stock-Exchange Midas who had great gobs of the Wherewith.

Day and Night he was hounded by those who were looking for Hot Tips, or who wanted to touch him up for Denominational Colleges, or who had Good Things which they wished him to back with much Coin.

At last, in order to escape the wearing sound of the Ticker and get the Hard Knots out of his Nervous System, he ducked away to the Country and left word behind that he had gone to Europe.

He struck a Rest Cure, where every one dressed for Dinner and a full Orchestra tore off Popular Music. He saw the same Mournful Faces of the male and female Plutocrats who were trying to purchase Enjoyment at so much per Day, and they did not seem to have a tranquillizing Effect on him. So he wandered away from the Hotel and took to

a quiet Country Lane, and soon he was in the Deep Woods.

The Silence was broken only by the Rustle of Leaves, the tapping of the Woodpeckers, and the occasional Stunt of some Feathered Warbler.

"This is where Man really belongs," sighed the track-sore Financier. "What an artificial and profitless Life we lead there among the Sky-Scrapers. Our Little Existence is rounded off with a French Menu and a few lines of Bromo-Seltzer in the Morning. We toil for years trying to get the Hammer-Lock on Fame, and when it comes to a Cash-In nobody knows whose Funeral it is, and the Trolley-Cars refuse to get out of the Way."

While he was thus Meditating he came to a Clearing in which there was a humble Shack with a dinky Little Garden behind it. In the Doorway of the Modest Cot sat a Rube who wore a heavy Fringe on the Sub-Maxillary. Above his Head bloomed the symmetrical Morning-Glory, and the fresh



In the Deep Woods.

smell of the Greenwood was mingled with the pleasing Odor of the Store Tobacco he was smoking, the while he spelled out the Long Words in a Newspaper.

"There's a Three-Sheet of Contentment for you," said the weary Millionaire. "I wish I had his Snap. Nothing to do except read about Crime and watch the Squirrels. No one to call him up on the Phone. No lying awake at Nights wondering what Attorney-General Knox is going to do. When he's hungry all he has to do is put on the Griddle, pull a few Radishes, and milk the Cow. No getting roped in at Annual Dinners. No struggle to butt into the Headquarters of the Élite. How I envy him!"

So he approached the Man behind the Whiskers and greeted him cheerfully, for he felt that he would fain know the Secret of True Happiness.

"You have a charming Joint here," said the Financier. "You seem to be quite away from the hurry and turmoil of the World."

"Yes, it is very Lonesome," was the melancholy Reply. "I should like to live on the Main Pike, but Land is too high. As soon as I sell my Hogs I hope to have a Telephone installed. Sometimes three or four Days will elapse after an important Prize-Fight ere I learn the Result. This failure to keep in Touch with Events is very trying to one who would be abreast of the Times."

"Why should the Outside World cut any Ice with you?" demanded the Millionaire. "Here you have a beautiful Sylvan Retreat. The Birds carol in the Trees. Nature is ever smiling. You are far removed from the carking Cares, the hard Throw-downs, and the Bunko Manipulations of the Commercial World. Are you not satisfied?"

"How can I be when I read here in the Weekly about a Newport Shindig where they have $800 worth of Ice-Cream? Why should I ride Horseback when you Folks have Autos costing $7000? I never get to see a good Show, and I haven't had my Picture taken for 6 Years, and sometimes I don't

have anybody come in to see me for Weeks at a Time."

"Why, you concatenated Chump, you have a two-acre Paradise here and you don't know it," said the City Man. "I'd like to trade Places with you."

"I'll trade with anybody," said the Rube. "I'm tired of this Dog's Life."

"You're on!" exclaimed the Financier. "This is what I'll stake you to. You'll have a Spring-Bed with 4 Mattresses and a Canopy. You can lie there on the Husks and look at $40,000 worth of Paintings by the Old Masters. In the Morning a British Gentleman of Aristocratic Appearance will come and lead you to the Royal Porcelain, after which he will dress you, without your lifting a Finger. You shall have Silk Underwear and a Monogram worked on each Sock. At Breakfast you shall have Hot-House Grapes and everything else out of Season, and Flowers on the Table. After Breakfast you may step into a Carriage with Gold Trimmings, drawn by two Prize Bays, and



"Yes, it is Very Lonesome."

ride to an Office where the Chairs are padded eight inches deep and all the Hirelings jump at your slightest Command. For Luncheon you shall go to a Club where you may meet those who have Money to burn; and if your Check is under $11, it shows that you are a Piker. You can stop Work at 3 P.M. and go for a Spin in your French Touring-Car, with a Chaffeur to work the Wheel. In the Evening you can put on your Glads and drink $47 worth of Vintage Wines and take in two or three Theatres, and after that start in again and have something to Eat."

"You are stringing me," said the Rube. "Such Heavenly Joys as these never come to the poor Yap."

"I will let you use my Bank Account, and then you won't be a Yap," explained the Millionaire. "Go and revel in the Life that you read about in the Weekly Papers. All that I ask in return is the Use for one blissful Month of this sequestered Snuggery, here among the Morning-Glories and the blithesome Chickadees."

The Financier gave the Rube all the Credentials needed and shipped him to the roaring Metropolis. Then he sat down under the whispering Trees with nothing to superintend except the rising and setting of the Sun.

Two weeks later, as the Financier was emerging from the Deep Woods he met the Rube coming in with a Pullman-Car Towel around his Head.

"What, so soon?" asked the City Man. "I've been against it for 25 Years. Why should you pass it up after two brief Weeks?"

"For the first three or four Days it was Great Stuff," responded the Sufferer. "Then I began to tumble to the Fact that the Shows were all about the Same and that a $7 Lunch was a Delusion unless I had an Appetite. The Automobile was a Hit until some of the New Machines began to pass me, and then I lost Interest. As soon as it was noised around that I had Stuff, I became a Mark for every known Con Game, so I tightened up and refused to see Visitors, and every one

said I was a Snob, and the only Friends I had were the Waiters I tipped. So far as I can discover, the Bust-Head resulting from the Bubbles that cost $6 per Quart is the same old Feeling that we used to get out of Apple-Jack. In short, I begin to see that the Rich can afford all the Luxuries, but the Minute they begin to dip into them, the Trouble begins. I think I'm due for about one week of Absolute Calm. But what are you doing on your way to the Station?"

"Say, I don't like to roast your Establishment, but you have got the bummest lot of Birds I ever listened to," said the Financier. "Their Repertory is too limited. And that Cow has a Manner that is soothing for a Day or two and then begins to suggest an irritating lack of Versatility, as it were. I discovered, also, a certain Monotony in the Antics of the Squirrels. As for the Weekly, I have read it all through four times, including the Sarsaparilla Ads, and along towards the last the only thing that interested me was the Time-Table. I needed a good Rest,



Comparing Notes.

and I've had enough to last me fully 3 years. When I strike that Club to-night, I'll simply sign my Name to the Card and have them bring in the whole Works from Caviar to Café Noir."

"I'm afraid there isn't any such Institution as a Paradise on Earth," remarked the Rube.

"Oh, yes, there is," said the Millionaire, "but we never find it twice in the same Spot."

MORAL: A Complete Change will always do one Good and sometimes do him to a Finish.

The Thoughtful Wife Who Tried to Give Henry a Restful Vacation.

ONCE there was a great big Burly who had a Wife about the size of a Grasshopper. Usually she wore a gray Tailor-Made that looked as if it would have to be let out if she gained another pound.

Any one, to look at Jessaline, would have said that she was rather frail and Weakly, while the he-end of the Sketch looked husky enough to pull a Dray. It often happens that the heavy-draught Bachelor picks out a Midge and makes love to her, and she is so scared at the size of him that she hasn't got the Nerve to throw him down.

At any rate, the cute and dainty little Jessaline, with a Waist Measurement of 11 inches, was all hooked up with the human Mastodon who went by the name of Henry and looked the Part.

Now it happened that Hen and Jess lived in a nice little Town where there were a great many lovely Old Families and a great deal of

Wealth, but it was pervaded at all Hours by a Cemetery Calm. The Social Gayeties of the Place revolved slowly around a Missionary Society. Any one desiring to mix a Cocktail had to pull down all the Blinds and disconnect the Telephone, and also it was advisable to wear Masks at a Poker Party.

Jessaline would often become restless and champ at the Bit. She had attended a Select School for Girls, at which she had learned how to turn Handsprings and do other Parlor Didoes. No wonder that she hated to play Dominoes all Evening and then turn out the Lights at 9.30 P.M., which, in Keen Society, is the mere Edge of the Night.

Now it chanced that Jessaline had a Chum. They had eaten Olives out of the same Bottle while attending the Select School for Girls. Chum had gone against the Matrimonial Game, the same as Jessaline, only, instead of landing in Sleepy Hollow, she was up in the City, taking in the Big Show.

She wrote to Jessaline, urging her to come up and put in a busy Week. After working



Hated to Play Dominoes.

on the Handwriting for several Days, Jessaline succeeded in reading the whole Letter, and she began to tease Henry to knock off for a Week and take her up to the hoop-la Metropolis and let her burn a few Holes in the Track. She told Henry that he had been sticking to his Desk too closely and that he needed a good Rest.

Large Bodies move slowly, and several Days elapsed before Henry came to her Way of Thinking, although it was a Pipe from the beginning that she would bring him around.

Jessaline got busy and put six Women to work building a new Evening Gown for her. It was a Pale-Blue Cerise, with Battenberg Insertion, yoked with Mayonnaise and Valenciennes, the Flounces being gathered in with Passementerie and the Bodice hand-painted. When Henry got a Flash at the Bill he allowed that, instead of taking a Vacation, it would be better for him to stay at Home and work about twice as hard. But winsome Wifey had everything packed, so

she took him in Tow and they boarded the Flyer.

"Ain't this Grand?" asked Jessaline, as they sat in the palatial Parlor-Car and watched the Scenery spin by. "We have a whole Week in which to rest up and nobody to keep Tab on what we do and then report us to the Methodist Minister. I'm sure that you will like Clara. She is a Holy Terror. She was engaged nineteen times before she finally hooked up, and since she got Married People come for miles to get her to act as Chaperon."

"What is the Programme?" asked Henry, who was a mite Leery.

"There'll be something doing every Minute, all right, all right," said the Child-Wife. "Ask no Questions, but follow little Bright Eyes. I haven't had a touch of Real Life since I crawled down the Lightning-Rod at the Select School for Girls."

At that time Henry did not realize that a bright young Thing with a Boarding-School Education can give the stalwart Business

Man any kind of a Handicap and then leave him somewhere back of the Flag.

Clara met them at the Train with a Buzz-Wagon. She had framed up a List of Engagements that made the Roosevelt Itinerary look like Open Time. Clara had arranged to give them a little of Everything except Sleep. Jessaline was tickled nearly to Death. She was waltzing all over the Track, waiting for the word "Go!"

The Getaway was a Dinner of 17 Courses, at which Jessaline tackled everything without losing any part of the Conversation. After that they went to the Opera, which was a little too high for Henry, but Jessaline threw a Conniption Fit every time Signor Dagolini climbed up and hit a Top Note. They went back to the Apartment and ate Stuff out of a Chafing-Dish until 3 A.M. When they turned in, Henry was on the point of Passing Away, but Jessaline was just beginning to warm up and be kittenish.

"We shall have Oodles of Fun to-morrow," she said. "First we have a Breakfast



"Ain't this Grand?"

at the French Restaurant, then a swell Luncheon at the Club, then a Musicale, then a Dinner at the biggest Hotel on Earth, and then a Show, and then we are all going out Slumming."

"I drop out," said Henry. "One day has put me to the Bad."

"Don't be a Quitter," said Jessaline. "Stick to me and I'll give you the Time of your Life."

Next Day she took him over the Jumps, and he followed with his Tongue hanging out. He did not like to admit that he could not keep up with a 90-pound Canary who was somewhat of an Invalid. But when he sat and watched her eating her fourth Hearty Meal and chatting gayly, he tried to figure out how any one with a Waist Measurement of 11 inches could manage it, but the Problem was too much for him.

The third day of Rest included the usual number of Eats, and wound up with one of those Dancing-Parties that last until the Germans become peevish and refuse to play any



Henry Holding On.

more. Henry was off in a Corner eating Soda-Mint Tablets and holding on to a Chair to keep from falling off. Jessaline was right out in the centre of the Mix-Up, looking as fresh as a Dollar Bunch of Russian Violets. After every Dance she would tear out and get a few Glasses of Knock-Out Punch and eat a couple of Sandwiches, after which she would be ready to do some more two-stepping. When the Orchestra finally struck and she had to pull out, she found Henry in a Comatose Condition leaning against the Hat-Rack. She aroused him and told him the Glad News that they were to get an Early Start and go out to a nice Road-House and have something to Eat. Whereupon Henry fell in a Heap and asked to be counted out.

All the way Home in the Carriage she toasted him and charged him with a lack of Appreciation.

"You act like a Dummy," said the indignant Jessaline. "Why don't you cut in and have a Good Time, the same as I do? I

don't want People to think that I married a Rube."

"I can lift 1200 pounds in Harness and I can play 72 Holes of Golf without turning a Hair," said the fallen Giant, "but when it comes to eating little Birds and taking a new kind of Salad every twenty minutes and holding animated Conversation with Perfect Strangers, I am not in your Class. Send for a Trained Nurse. In a Week or so, I shall be able to Travel and get back to Hard Work and rest up. In the mean time, go it alone."

So Jessaline put the Weakling on the Shelf and went out and had a Happy Week.

MORAL: Capacity cannot be determined by any Outside Measurements.

The Coming-Out Girl and a Few of Her Keen Guesses.

"MY daughter, we start for the Country next Week," said the elderly Society Bird to her little Chick. "Us to the Summer Hotel for a bang-up Suite at a Per Diem Rate that will put a large, deep Crimp into Papa's Income for 1904. You are now at the Pin-Feather Period, and Mother must teach you how to Fly. I have been giving a lot of Hard Thought to the Man Game for, lo, these many Moons, and, without passing myself any fragrant Cluster of Green Peas, I think I am On. Every Woman of Experience has a private Rogue's Gallery. She can give you a Line on the whole Bunko Brotherhood from Sammy the Sophomore, who wears a Buckwheat-Cake instead of a Cap, up to the decrepit old Has-Been who wants to hold your Hand because you look so much like his Daughter. Taking the whole Outfit, from Seventeen to Seventy, I may add that they are the grandest Bunch of Shell-Workers



Schooling the Little Chick.

that ever operated. You are a Mere Child of 19, with a Baby Stare and a Simple Faith in Mankind, and you are due to be Strung unless you Copper about four-thirds of all that is said to you. There will be enough Hot Air wasted around that Hotel this Summer to keep a Flat Building nice and warm all next Winter. It behooves you to be Foxy, otherwise you will be engaged to so many at one time that you will get twisted in your Book-Keeping and overplay your System. You must not be chummy with any Gentleman until you have known him at least Two Days."

"No doubt I shall make many Miscues," said Isabelle, "and yet I am willing to Experiment."

"I suppose you understand that in order to be strong with the various Kinds that will be on your Trail you must learn to be a Quick-Change Artist," said Mother. "For instance, there is the Spring Lamb with the Stingy little Coat and Big Shoes. He is just home from College, and when he walks along

the Veranda it sounds like a Team going over a Bridge. If one of those Squabs should begin to pursue you, what would you do?"

"I am so inexperienced I hardly know what to say," replied little Isabelle. "I think, however, that I would tie a large Can to him, unless there was a horrible Shortage in the Supply and I had to throw in a few Understudies. As a rule, the pink-faced Collegian is a little shy on Collateral and more or less of a Dummy on any Topic except Himself. The way to make a Ten-Strike with him is to feel his Muscles and tell him how well his Clothes fit. If you jolly him up for three or four Days you may get a nice Photograph of him, and then he will bone you for one in Return and nail it up in his Den and tell all the other Johnnies that you are crazy about him. The Trouble with the Glad College Youth is that he has been plucked a little too soon. Besides, I don't think a Man starts in to be Good Company until he is past 25."

"And some of them have a few Points to

pick up after they pass 55," added Mother. "You seem to be wise to the very Young Kind. How about the Bachelor with the Tremolo Voice who wants to sit about six inches away from you all the time and look you straight in the Eye and tell you that Life was a Desert until he bumped into you?"

"That's the Time to hang out the Red Light," replied Daughter. "I've been out among 'em only two Seasons, but I've taken that Boy's Measure all right, all right. He's the kind that wants you to lean on his Shoulder and tell all your Troubles to a True Friend after he has known you about 20 Minutes, and if you hang back he is Hurt and seems to think that you do him an Injustice. He has got away with it so often that his Nerve is up; and as for the Hufty-Dufty Talk that he has learned by Heart, it is the Kind calculated to make a Girl ashamed of herself unless she starts right in and loves him with her whole Soul. He is a pretty dangerous Proposition. You can say 'Scat!' to Ferdie the Freshman, or else send him on



The Chick Seems Wise.

an Errand, but Mr. Arthur Fresh, who is getting along towards 30, is so accustomed to the Throw-Down that he arises, dusts his Clothes, and comes back with a Genial Smile and treats the whole Incident as a Joke. Then, if you Repent and try to Square yourself, the Chances are that he will wait until you begin to act real Friendly and then he will give you the Toss and hike off after some new Geraldine. This kind likes to switch from a Blonde to a Brunette about every third Day."

"Merciful Mayonnaise!" exclaimed Mother. "I don't believe I am qualified to sit on the Side-Lines and do any Coaching for you. You seem to be Next. Did they teach you all this at Boarding-School?"

"Don't give it away," said Isabelle, "but I'll tell you on the Q. T. that we have what is known as the Protective Order of Buds. The Trifler who goes up and down the Line springing the Guff about Love at First Sight is spotted and tagged in a Hurry. There are two ways of handling this Party. One



" You don't need to attend any Night School."

is to spring his Record on him and kid him until he lets up. The other is to believe everything and String him along. The Second Method is the one usually employed by all True Artists. The older the Bachelor the bigger the Cinch. Hold on to one of his Coat-Buttons and look up at him and ask him a lot of feeble-minded Questions about the Wicked World and he will talk for Hours at a Time. But the Minute the Sun goes down you want to yell for a Chaperon until you can be heard in the next Township. That will lead him to believe that he is a fascinating and dangerous Person. It is always a terrific Hit. I know two Girls who landed Good Things last Summer merely by sitting out in a Hammock and calling for Chaperons. They used to sit out until Midnight begging somebody to go for a Chaperon, and the Gentlemen had to talk to them for Hours in order to calm them and convince them that the Whole Proceeding was according to Hoyle; that is, as long as they were with Nice Fellows."

"I take off my Bonnet to you," said Mother. "You don't need to attend any Night School. There's just one other Variety. How about the Lonesome Married Man?"

"You mean the Kind that wants to tell you how sorry he is that he didn't find you before he hooked up with a Woman who never seems to Understand him? He is a Sad Affair. He is trying to sneak a Return Trip on the Flirtation Route after he has lost his Ticket. As a Study he is fairly Interesting, but the Pursuit of him is barred by the Game Laws. The best way to quiet him down is to get friendly with his Wife."

"That settles it," said the elderly Society Bird. "Any time that I want a Hunch I'll hunt up the Young Lady of To-day."

MORAL: It's a Wise Mother that can hand out any New Ones.

The Soft Thing, and Some of the Things That Were Done to Him.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Tapioca.

A Relative had died and left him a large Bale of the Carnegie Library Compound. As soon as it was noised around that the Mark was actually carrying Money in his Clothes, every Short-Card Man in the Business began to break through the Crowd, saying, "I saw him first."

In the Twinkling of an Eye the Legatee was transformed from an ordinary, hand-me-down Plug to One of our Prominent Citizens.

Many who had been unable to place him while he was feeding at a $4 Oatmeal Resort on a Side Street now dashed madly across the Car-Tracks to give him the Joyous Mitt and ask him to come up to the House some Evening.

And he, like every other Proud Mortal who is being pelted with Bouquets, fancied that his Popularity was based upon his own



The Joyous Mitt.

Sterling Qualities and did not arise from the Fact that he was known up at the Bank.

Those who doctored up the Bricks for him did not take the Trouble to put any Gold-Plating on the Outside. They nailed his Currency and then promised to deliver the Goods by Messenger Boy, so as to save him Trouble.

He learned that a great many Exclusive Organizations wanted to take in a few Members who were Socially Prominent. Every time that he was handed the Social Prominence Gag he fell and signed an Application Blank.

In a Couple of Months he had so many Brothers and Fellow-Clubmen that he could not turn a down-town Corner without running into a Hot Touch.

Also he was Pie for the Dignified Gentlemen representing the Eastern Publishing House. Long ago this species of the Hold-Up Man was known as a Book-Agent, but in these latter Days he is a

Special Envoy who brings Glad Tidings of Great Joy to the superior Intellectual Classes who are known to be there with the Coin.

Every Hypnotic Salesman who cornered the Mark sang the old Solo about giving Special Terms to a few Book-Lovers in order to derive a certain Prestige from the use of their Names.

Take a Man who never has studied any Volume except the Winter Book and tell him that he is a Bibliophile, and he will swell a few Inches whether he knows the Meaning of the Word or not.

In a short time the Prominent Citizen had a Library that was greatly admired by all who visited his Apartments, and the Books were in first-class Condition. He never took any of them down for fear that he could not put them back in the Right Place.

After about 3 Months he became an Art Critic and a sure-enough Connoisseur. He knew it because a great many Dealers took

him into the Back Room and told him so.

Then they would throw the Light on a Creation that had been in the Salon, or else tenderly remove the Cotton Batting from a Bronze that could not be broken with a Maul. He would try to convince himself that there was a certain Difference between these Masterpieces and the Junk that he saw in the 99-cent Stores. He had to see a Difference or else he could not have got away with the Connoisseur Bluffs.

So he became a well-known Collector. Many Friends told him he had Exquisite Taste, and he began to believe it himself, so he attended Exhibitions and began to roast the Moderns.

Whereas he had been known in the Old Days as a Parlor Blacksmith, he now discovered that he was a Strong Card at Dinner-Parties, especially if he stood for the Check. He got many a Laugh out of the antique Wheezes that he had cribbed from the Joke Book, and when he arose to spring the pre-



The Bullkon Prospectus.

historic Toast everybody applauded before he said a Word, because that was the safest time to Applaud.

Among other startling Discoveries made by the Popular Leader of the Smart Set was one concerning his Business Sagacity. He received long, type-written Letters from the Pneumatic Brothers, representing the Smoke Syndicate, offering to let him in on the Ground Floor provided he would rush Check by Return Mail, otherwise it would be Too Late.

It appeared from these Letters that the Syndicate had acquired all the Claims on the East Slope of the Bullkon Range and were within 30 feet of the well-known Mine that was turning out $8000 a Minute. Already three Shafts and the Original Capital had been sunk, and the Ore was found to contain German Silver, Brass, Gold Filings, Celluloid, Borax, and Pepsin, all in Paying Quantities.

The Expert employed by the Company had just completed his third Dream, and esti-



Evidence of Good Faith.

mated that the Lodes somewhere in the Vicinity contained $40,000,000 worth of Something, and now it was merely necessary to go ahead and find it. The Stock offered at 8 cents a Share would be advanced to $1.14 on January 1st.

Accompanying the Confidential Letter was a Half-Tone Picture of the Mountain, merely as an Evidence of Good Faith.

The Mark had read somewhere that any one who comes into Property is not considered a True Sport until he takes a Flyer at the Mining Game. He bought a few Bundles of Stock, the Par Value of which made Senator Clark, of Montana, look like a Piker, and although his Cautious Friends warned him to hold out his Money and loan it to them, he persisted in his Wild Speculations.

He put in more than $450, and at the end of the Fifth Year received $1.87 in Premiums, and expects to be in the Charley Gates Class if he lives until 1950.

In the mean time he is working at his

other Trades of Prominent Clubman, Social Leader, and Art Critic.

MORAL: Wealth brings Happiness only when expended for Fuel to feed the Spiritual Existence.

The Cub Lover, the Superior Dad, and the Lady Who Told the Truth.

ONCE there was a seventeen-year-old Lambkin with long Legs and his Hair parted in the Middle who was taken down with a severe case of Love-Gripes, known in the Books as the Spooney Infantum.

He cut off on his Eating and became white around the Gills. Most of the Time he sat around looking at the Rugs and feeling sorry for himself.

The Object of this hungering Affection was a 90-pound Gum-Chewer who lived next Door. She was a fresh and merry little Soubrine half-way between Long Dresses and Short Dresses. She was very Lippy, and talked back to her Folks and made Sassy cracks at the Old Ladies who came along, and was a Champion Giggler.

Most people regarded her as the Neighborhood Pest, and suggested that it would be a Grand Idea to turn back the Calendar about two Years and go at her with a Slipper.



Case of Spooney Infantum.

BREAKING INTO SOCIETY

She was just at the Perky Age. She had her first Cart-Wheel Hat and a little Wrist-Bag, and she was experimenting with the Powder-Puff and putting in considerable Time on her Shape.

She thought she was the Works, and so did little Willie. He wanted to marry her, but he had only 90 cents in his Tin Bank and a License cost $2.

So all he could do was worship her with a yearning and hopeless Love and write seven or eight mushy little Notes every day. Although she was shy on Experience, she had the Feminine Instinct, for she would carry on with two or three other grammar-school Tadpoles all the time, just to keep Willie het up and miserable.

Willie's Mother had seen a good many Children and was familiar with the Symptoms of the Veal Period, so she was treating him gently and trying to nurse him through the Attack. Not so with the Old Gentleman. It made him wrothy to see a Hulk of a Boy make such a Blithering Imbecile of himself.



Pa Hands Out Advice.

Like nearly all Papas, he believed that Puppy Love should be cured with a Piece of Scantling.

The more he roasted Willie and poked fun at the gabby little Tidbit next door, the more deep-seated and inflammatory became the Fever that Willie mistook for True Love. The poor Kid fell behind in his Classes and moped around the House trying on different Cravats.

Sarsaparilla did not seem to help him, and when any of the Callers told his Mamma that he was looking Thin and Pale, he put on a wan Smile and felt encouraged, for Willie had it all fixed up that he was to die of a Broken Heart and have a Swell Funeral at the First Presbyterian Church, with his Beloved sitting in the Front Row and weeping copiously. He saw no other Way of getting back at his Cruel Parent.

Willie's Papa, in trying to hammer the Divine Sentiment out of his idiotic Offspring, made a Specialty of the familiar Song-and-

Dance beginning, "When I was at your Age."

So far as Willie could gather from the rough Line of Conversation handed to him about three times per Day, Papa had always been cold-blooded and sensible, even in his earliest Youth. Papa never had been so weak and foolish as to fall in Love. Sometimes Willie wanted to ask him if he had married Mamma on a Bet, but he was afraid to start anything.

As for Mamma, she sat back with her Lips closed tightly and listened while the theoretical Head of the Family joshed poor Willie and bragged about himself, and told what a bright, industrious, level-headed Boy he had been along about 1876.

She stood for it a long Time, and then she decided to take charge of Willie's Case and put him Wise. Papa's Scheme for breaking up the Affair with the Bantam next door was to threaten to send Willie to a Military School if he ever spoke to her again. Papa knew a lot about the Insurance Business, but

he was a Shine when it came to pulling off a piece of Fine Work in which tender young Affections were all snarled up.

It happened that Papa had to go East for a Month, and no sooner had he jumped the Town than Mamma took Willie into her Room and flashed a Bundle of Letters on him.

"There are a few Samples of the Juju-Paste that your Father used to send to me back in 1880," she said. "I hate to Call him, but I want you to know that no matter what you do, it runs in the Family. Glance over this one, for instance. He calls me Honey seven times in three Lines, with a couple of Sweeties thrown in to make it good and strong. As a Juvenile Gush your Pa was the Human Limit. Of course, that was long before the Rheumatism caught him and he began to see the Doctor about his Liver. You must always respect your Father, but you needn't believe anything he says. In regard to your deep and steadfast Love for the Beautiful Creature just over the Fence, I



Willie Makes a Quiet Sneak.

will say that I have framed it up with her Mother to have the two of you Married just as soon as you are old enough, which will be in about Five Years. In the mean time you are at liberty to put in all of your Time with her. I suggest that you go over to her House immediately and Converse with her for several Hours concerning Art, Literature, History, or whatever Topic is uppermost in her Mind. When you get tired of calling on her she can come over and see you. It is customary for an Engaged Couple to be Inseparable."

When Papa came back from the East he found that Willie had gained 8 pounds and was very busy organizing a Junior Ball Team to do up the West Side Gang. Every time that little Sweetheart came through the Side Gate to play with him, he gathered up his Mask and the Big Glove and made a quiet Sneak for the Alley.

Papa saw that the Affair was busted, and he told his Business Partner that he had

reasoned with the Kid and brought him to his Senses.

MORAL: In case of Neighborhood Complications, send Papa on a Business Trip.

The Honest Effort to Go the Distance and Then the Melancholy Fluke.

ONCE there was a Rhinestone Sport who had an ambition to be called a Good Fellow.

He had a Cousin Jim who was known in Rapid Circles as a Prince, so he decided to trail after Jim and get in among the Rowdy-Dows.

Jim was full of Wise Talk about the Ponies. Ever and anon he would carelessly fish out of the Side-Pocket a large Wad of the Green Kind with a Fifty for a Wrapper and tell about sitting in with a couple of Horsemen and a Wine Agent the Night before. He loved to speak of Hotels where a Swell Room with Bath came to only $9 per Day and explain that he was getting a Rate.

Jim felt that he was wasting his Conversation any time that he mentioned any Picayune Sum under a Thousand. He had nothing but Sporting Corpuscles of the Crimson Variety moving about in his Ar-



Herbert and Jim.

teries. He was ready to lay a Small Bet on any Proposition, give or take, and when he put up his End he never batted an Eyelash. He had the Confidence of many of our most celebrated Barkeeps and could give the Hurry-Up to any well-known Gam.

No wonder that pale-faced Herbert, the would-be High-Roller, looked with Awe upon Cousin Jim and inwardly longed to butt into his Class.

For he perceived that he never could stand Ace with the sure-enough Fellows until he had demonstrated that he was a Good Fellow.

Jim slipped him a Tow-Line and took him out into the Night Air to pick up a few Pointers.

Herbert learned that the first Rule for being a Good Fellow was to move rapidly up to the Poison Counter every time an Order went in. Herbert weighed about 100 Pounds, and the Doctors had told him to try a Milk Diet, but he did not dare to

renig, otherwise some one might have suspected that he was a cheap Varnish and a low-down Quitter. He was a Feather-Weight and an Invalid, but he wanted to be Game.

So he stood in Line with the copper-lined Rounders who had Bull Necks and weighed about 220 on the Hoof, and made an awful Bluff at going along with them. He knew that to take Vichy would be a Misdemeanor, and to duck altogether would be a Crime and might block him out of the Good-Fellow Division for all time to come.

Consequently he would Stick, with his Breastbone against the Railing, and continue to hoist until he was Pie-Eyed. Then some one would take him out and boost him into a four-oared Hack and send him Home.

Next morning he would awake with the Head spread out over two Pillows, and his only Joy in Life would be the proud Remembrance that he had demonstrated his Desire to be a Good Fellow.

He learned, also, that in order to be the genuine It he must go to the Track and get on friendly Terms with Whispering Ike, the Boy who holds the Watch on the Morning Gallops and gets a Commission from all the Poor-Houses.

In a Short Time he had a lot of Good Stories about being nosed out and was sleeping with the Dope-Sheet under his Pillow. Although he went $1200 to the Bad on the Meeting, he made the Personal Acquaintance of at least a dozen Celebrities who wore Red Vests, carried Field-Glasses, and bet nothing but Markers, therefore he had the glad knowledge that slowly but surely he was absorbing some of the Attributes which distinguish the Good Fellow from other Members of the Brute Creation.

After all, the only cinch Method for becoming a steam-heated Gazabe is to exhibit a tall Nerve in a cut-throat Session of the Game that made Congress famous. Cousin Jim knew a lot of Gentlemen Players who were devoting their attention to Poker be-



Herbert Becomes Pie-Eyed.

cause they were getting too Fat to climb Porches. As a Special Favor he fixed it so Herbert could get a Place at the Table.

It was a Proud Moment for the Amateur when he sat in that Distinguished Company and began to pick up Hands and then put them down again. The Sheep that walked into Armour's Packing House had the same kind of a Chance that Herbert had when he put his Elbows on the Green Cloth and tried to keep from trembling.

He had been against the one-call-two Boarding-House Game, where they hand back everything over $2, but he was not accustomed to dallying with Friends who took out Pencils and began to figure how much they could get on his Clothes.

They were the kind that started in to play just about where he left off. The only Reason they didn't kill him with the Ante was because he looked so Good to them that they wanted to keep him in. It was one of the Games that begin to get Ripe about the time the Church Bells are ringing.



The Trimmer's Union at Work.

The Trimmers' Union had no way of knowing that they would ever get to him again, so they decided to make one Job of it.

After Herbert had signed up all the Checks and put a Cold Towel on his Head, he began to Roar somewhat and talk about chopping on the all-night Seances.

"You must not Beef," said Cousin Jim. "A True Sport never lets on, even when they unbutton his Shoes."

"Do you know, I sometimes suspect that I am not qualified to be a Hot Dog," said Herbert. "I find that I begin to pass away about 2 A.M. Perhaps it is owing to some Oversight in my Early Training, but I notice that after I have taken a thousand Drinks I cannot put the Red Ball into the Corner Pocket. I have a Timid Nature, and somehow I cannot learn to whoop the Edge on a Pair of Nines. I'm afraid that I drank too much Rain-Water in my Youth. And, besides, I got into the Habit of going to Bed. It's a great Blow to my Pride, but I don't think I am gaited to keep up with the

Bell-Cows. Me back to the Cheap Push at the Boarding-House."

MORAL: Many are Called but few deliver the Goods.

The Unsympathetic Parent Who Turned Down Three Different Varieties.

ONCE there was a long-headed Father who had taken the Junior into the Down-Town Office and was trying to eradicate the Greek and Latin from his System.

The Junior was a Lovely Chap whose Clothes came to about twice his Salary. He resembled the smooth-faced Hero of a Richard Harding Davis $1.50 Book. By keeping his Hair neatly gummed down and wearing the right shape of Collar, likewise vamping a few tender Chords on the Piano and holding up his end in a light-weight Conversation, he had managed to elbow his Way into the Front Row of that Select Division of the Human Race known as the Landed Gentry, because they get Landed so often.

Bertrand Flappingdale was the Name of this particular Confection. In Our Set he was known as Bertie, and among the Employés at the Shop he was known as a Bluff. Bert's Pathway in Life was so nicely Lubri-

cated and every one was so awfully Good to him that after a while he felt reasonably Certain that the Earth and the Fulness thereof had been dished up especially for his Benefit, and he could cancel the Order any time that he saw fit.

Flappingdale, Senior, had never smoked Egyptian Cigarettes and attended Junior Proms during his Incubator Period. He had been too busy trying to make the Meal-Tickets last from one Saturday Night to another. The only Time he got real Lungy was when he told how he used to work for 6 a Week and plant $100 a year in the Building-and-Loan Association. It had been many Years since they took his Boiled Dinners away from him and made him eat Artichokes, but he was still a Farmer at Heart. And when they threw him into the long-tailed Regalia with the misfit Tie he had Yap stencilled all over himself.

You may take one of these self-made Luminaries and wean him away from his Pie and rub him with Silk Underwear for years,

but you cannot iron the Lines of Rugged Character from his Front-Piece nor separate him from the Homely Doctrines that were called to his Attention by means of a Hickory Gad some forty years earlier in the Game.

Consequently, the elder Flappingdale did not hit it off to any large Extent with Bertie's Friends, most of whom had their Names already set up in the Society Column 365 Days in the Year, but not one of them could have figured a 2-per-cent. Discount unless he had taken a Day off. They did not care for Business, but Business never seemed to Languish much on that Account.

One of the Hard Jobs that Fate had mapped out for Flappingdale, Senior, was to prevent his blue-eyed Offspring from being abducted and snaked away to the Altar. The Trouble was that Bertie wanted to be Abducted. About every Change of the Moon he would begin to act more or less Dippy and cut out the Office altogether and go Girl-Hunting in his cream-colored Chariot with one Horse hitched in front of the other.

Then the head of the Works would have to call him in and put some Cracked Ice on him and get him cooled down.

The first one to lay him out and have him Fluttering was a 90-pounder about six weeks from the Nursery. The cold-blooded Guvnor begged him not to rob the Cradle, and wanted to know something about her Knowledge of Housekeeping, which is invariably a Stiff Jolt for Love's Young Dream. While Bertrand was waiting for a Chance to elope with the Bud, a New Show came to Town, and there zipped across the Horizon of his Fresh Young Life a Hurrah Soubrette who wore Holes in the Stage every Evening doing a very refined Coon Number.

From the moment when he looked up at her and saw that she had taken notice of his Presence on Earth, he passed into a Sweet Trance from which he did not fully Awake until the Troupe left Town, when he found himself watching the Red Light disappear around the Curve and realized that he

had played his Violets on the Wrong Number.

The Busy Lover always goes from one Extreme to another, so the next Crack out of the Box what does Brash Bertie do but get himself all worked up to a Temperature of 104 over the kind that is known as Terribly Bright? The one he was determined to Marry, unless somebody got out an Injunction, sat around in an off-color kind of a sad, Mother Hubbard make-up and handed out Brilliant Conversation that was good enough to be taken down in Short-Hand and put right into a Book. She threw her Search-Light on the helpless Bertrand and dazzled him to a Fare-ye-well. She got him into a Turkish Corner and told him of the Yearnings of her Soul and all about her Empty Life and how she had groped for an Affinity, and although he muffed a good many of her Points and was clear of the Ground most of the Time, he realized that he was in the Presence of one who could take him by the Hand and show him a lot of

Things that he had never been wise to as yet. So he wanted to marry her and sit around all Day with his Head on her Shoulder and have her talk Copy, worth about 3 cents a Word.

Father noticed that he was off his Feed and looking wild out of the Eyes, so he called him in and wanted to know the name of the New One.

"Cut it out," said he, when he had learned the Horrible Truth. "Home is not a Lecture Bureau. I don't blame any Man for marrying a Woman who has got the Intellectual Bulge on him. In these Days of Thursday-Afternoon Clubs and Reading Circles, it's a Cheap Grade of Wife who hasn't got the he-end of the Outfit beaten to a Pulp. Nearly every Woman knows more than her Husband, but it helps some if he has enough Gray Matter to enable him to chip in now and then, if only to give her the right Cues. But 30 years would be a long Time to sit at one end of the Dining-Room Table feeling about the size of a Roach.

I have known several specimens of the Victim who marries the Woman who is going to lead him on and on. She leads him on and on until he begins to Blow, and then she usually goes on and on with something wearing a White Necktie and an Alpaca Coat. If I were you I should marry some one of about my own Mental Caliber. Of course, you may have to hunt a long time, but when you locate her you can tell that she is the Right Kind. Any one who will agree to Marry you is in your Class, and you can gamble on that."

"I have tried the Innocent Young Thing, the Sophisticated Soubrette, and the Cultured Club Girl, and you kick on all of them," said Bertrand.

"They are all Nice Girls," said Mr. Flappingdale. "Let's wait until we spot one who has something coming to her and then we will put up a Good Joke on her."

MORAL: It is a Wise Father That tumbles to his own Son.

The Ninety-Pound Knight-Errant and His Lady Fair.

ONCE there was an Estimable Lady named Mrs. Killjoy who used to hunt for Trouble with a Search-Warrant.

She was not happy unless she was being Insulted. Before any one chirped she knew that she was going to have Bricks thrown at her Character.

Mrs. Killjoy held to the obsolete Theory that Man was put into this Mundane Trouble Factory to protect weak and defenceless Woman from all Slurs, Slights, and Insults. That is why she picked out for her True Knight an undeveloped Specimen, about the size of a Philadelphia Squab, with four-inch Biceps.

His steady Assignment was to fight her Battles. Mrs. Killjoy was one of those Sensitive Plants who could not get into a Trolley without having some one rudely Stare at her. She always suspected that the He-Salesmen in the Stores were trying to

make Love to her, and if any Man happened to be walking behind her on the same side of the Street she knew that she was being Pursued.

"Are you going to sit here and allow your Wife to be Insulted?"

That was the Speech she would hand him when they were out together. Then it was up to him to call some 200-pounder or else be prepared to lie awake half the Night and listen to the Story of her Wrongs.

Sometimes he suspected that she wanted to realize on his Life Insurance.

His usual Play was to promise to be an Avenger. Then he would hunt up the Person who had grossly insulted Mrs. Killjoy and apologize in her behalf and say that she was a trifle Dippy.

What Mrs. Killjoy needed was a Husband in a full Suit of Armor mounted on a White Horse and thirsting for Blood. She had read the wrong kind of Books. Husband knew that she would stack him up against it sooner or later.



Dusting the Bin with Mr. Killjoy.

Sure enough, one Day he found her in Tears and learned that the Man delivering the Coal had been Impertinent and had failed to remove his Hat while speaking to her. She wanted to know if Mr. Killjoy was a Man or a Mouse, and that settled it. He went out to roast the Teamster and she followed along to Gloat.

The Teamster was a Low-Brow with a 48-inch Chest, and he did not know a thing about the Henry of Navarre Business. He grabbed Mr. Killjoy and dusted the Bin with him.

While the Sufferer was in the Hospital waiting for the Bones to join, Mrs. Killjoy sat beside him and said, "As soon as you are well enough to be around you must hunt him up and shoot him."

"I will," said the brave Knight, "if I can get one of those Sandy Hook Guns that will carry six Miles."

MORAL: In these Days, Chivalry must wear a Tag or it will not be Recognized.

The Fearsome Feud Between the First Families.

ONCE there grew up alongside of a Railroad Track an overgrown Village that refused to be called a Town, so it was known as a City. It had a Water Tower, a Court-House Park, and a Steam Laundry. On the Main Street was a Business College where the Yokels learned in nine weeks how to be Merchant Princes. Also a Trolley Line that ran as far out as the Cemetery and then threw up both Hands. The Particular Pride of the Place was a $2.50 Hotel with a Tiled Floor and a Ladies' Parlor so Magnificent that no one had been known to use it.

All the Residents of this Progressive Community took their Cues from two Families that controlled more or less Bank Stock and had Fountains playing in the Front Yard, to say nothing of Senegambians to look after the Horses and keep them from being Lonesome. These two Tribes were the real three-X Gonzabas. Any one on calling

Terms with the aristocratic Skilligans or the exclusive Winkles had a perpetual License to throw on right Smart of Dog and kick about the Lack of Good Society.

One of the many Diversions planned by the high-collared Residents, so that they might temporarily forget where they were living, was Amateur Theatricals. The Dramatic Club was carefully selected from the Inner Circle of the Finger-Bowl Set, and whether they could Act or not it was always a Satisfaction to know that they could rub up against the toney Skilligans and the hifaluting Winkles.

Two or three times every Season the Club gave a Show at the local Temple of Art. After all Expenses had been paid, the Net Proceeds, which sometimes ran as high as $18, went to Charity. This was another Case in which Charity covered a Multitude of Sins.

At one of these Dramatic Treats it was decided to put on the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet." Wm. Shakespeare



Kidding the Performance.

was in no Position to get out an Injunction, and the Club had such a Social Drag that no one dared to set fire to the Opera-House in order to head off the Massacre.

It was unanimously agreed that Mr. Philo Quackenbush was the Boy to do Romeo. He was Golf Champion, having done 9 Holes in 58 on a Course which made it necessary to Putt with a Lofter. Besides, he had led the German every Year for 18 years and had Relatives in New York City.

But when it came to the selection of Juliet there were two Candidates, as follows: Mrs. Skilligan and Mrs. Winkle. Each of these estimable Ladies had a kind of an inward Hunch that she could revive Memories of Mary Anderson and leave Maude Adams somewhere back of the Flag. Mrs. Skilligan was tall, fibrous, and weighed 108 when in Condition. She had a Daughter who was a Sophomore, and that was why some of her Enemies said that she was too far along to look the Part of Juliet. Just the same, Mrs.

Skilligan wanted a Whack at it, for what she lacked in Looks and Youthfulness, she could make up in Jewelry. So she began to lay her Pipes and do some tall Scheming.

In the mean time, Mrs. Winkle was studying the Lines and checking off the Names of all Members who would not dare to throw her down. Mrs. Winkle could see herself on the Balcony giving an entirely new Interpretation of the Part. She had discovered certain Hidden Meanings in the Lines, and she wanted to hand out the Immortal Hot Stuff in such a Way that Folks would forget all about Julia Marlowe and those other ordinary Actresses who were after the Coin, regardless of Art.

The Stage-Manager employed by the bold Amateurs was an Ex-Legit who had lost his Voice asking for Salary. He plucked up Courage and ventured to ask Mrs. Winkle if she didn't think she was a little too strong on the Measurements to be the girlish Capulet.

"Oh, Pickles!" quoth Mrs. Winkle. "I'm just about the size of May Irwin, and she's a lovely Actress. Besides, I'll wear something Loose, so that they can't see my Real Shape."

The Stage-Manager said no more, for he needed the Money.

The Club had a Meeting and the Lady who carried Weight for Age beat out the Anti-Fat Candidate. Mrs. Winkle was elected the Ideal Juliet by a Majority of One, and some were mean enough to say that she voted for Herself. As for Mamma Skilligan, she was not Put Out a Particle. Not on your Facial Expression! A good many Competent Judges had told her that Shakespeare must have had her in Mind when he wrote the Part, but if the Club preferred a large, coarse Creature to tackle that beautiful Stuff, let it go at that!

Just to prove that she wasn't Miffed she bought all of the lower Boxes, and on the Night of the Performance she gave a Dinner-Party at which the Gentlemen proceeded to



The Large White Mass up on the Shelf.

tea up and roast the Large Party, in spite of anything she could say to choke them off. Along about 9 o'clock she said it was time to do down and watch the Balloon go up.

The Push landed in at the Opera-House just in time to break up the Scene in which the Child Sweetheart sighs and wonders where Romeo is. The whole Outfit came into the Boxes and upset Chairs and begged everybody else to take the front Seats and called for Programmes. By the time they settled down and got ready to kid the Performance, the large White Mass up on the Shelf didn't know whether she was playing Juliet or Bridge Whist. She got twisted on her Lines, so that Romeo, with the Red Mustaches, skipped a couple of Speeches. Then the Moon shifted a few Feet and the Balcony squeaked and promised to give way, and some one in the Skilligan Party made a low Crack that started a Giggle. Juliet lasted, but she was too Pink for Words.



Romeo Skipped a Couple of Speeches.

Then Mrs. Skilligan said she was sorry for the Poor Thing, for it really wasn't her Fault, as she had been bunkoed into thinking she was Good.

Juliet had 8 Curtain Calls, or two more than Melba's Record, and before the Night was over she received so many Flowers and was complimented so often by those who came up to her little Supper-Party that she had a good Notion to leave Winkle and go and work for Charley Frohman. In fact, at 8 A.M. she was ready to make Affidavit that she had Virginia Harned, Maxine Elliott, and Mary Mannering thrown back into the Chorus.

Next Day the Paper said that she was Great, and she took 200 Extra Copies and read them all herself and then sent a few to the Skilligans.

About a month after that Mrs. Skilligan gave a Fancy-Dress Ball, with Costumes all the Way from St. Louis, and three kinds of Punch on the Dining-Room Table. Lady Skilligan did Queen Elizabeth, with $80,000

worth of Rock Crystals hanging to her. Mrs. Winkle came, for fear People might think she cherished some Animosity against her crushed and fallen Rival, and when she sized up against the Hostess she fell backward and took the Count, for she was only a Dresden Shepherdess.

She went home and began to whet her Axe, and the first Thing any one knew she had the U. S. Senator right up at her House and a few Friends in to see him Eat and no Skilligans in the List.

Then the Carpenters at Work enlarging the Skilligan House and a Grand Reception with imported Music and no Winkles there to hear it.

After which a quiet Evening at the Winkles and the Souvenirs costing $18 per. In due Time a private Vaudeville at the Skilligans and Expense cutting no Figure, the same as at Newport.

Then two Men meeting at the Court-House, where the Bankruptcy Papers are fixed up. They silently shook Hands, and

then Skilligan said to Winkle, "It's a Dead Heat."

MORAL: The Men are always the first to Quit.

THE END

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